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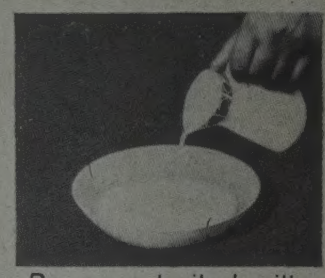

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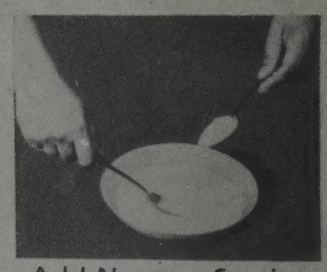

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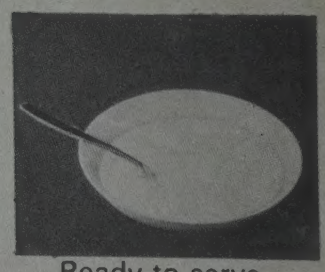

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JEANNE PEREIRA

Born in Cochin, bright-eyed, soft-spoken Jeanne has been in Bombay ever since she can remember. A student in the final year of the B.A. programme at St. Xavier's College, she did her schooling from St. Joseph's Convent. She has taken an active part in several elocution competitions.

Full of life and excitement, Jeanne loves meeting people from different walks of life and is seriously planning to take up a job with a travel agency after graduation. With her lovely eyes, Jeanne makes a fetching model, and she loves the world of modelling. Her other interests are painting, sketching, travelling and reading. She enjoys cooking and does all the family cooking herself.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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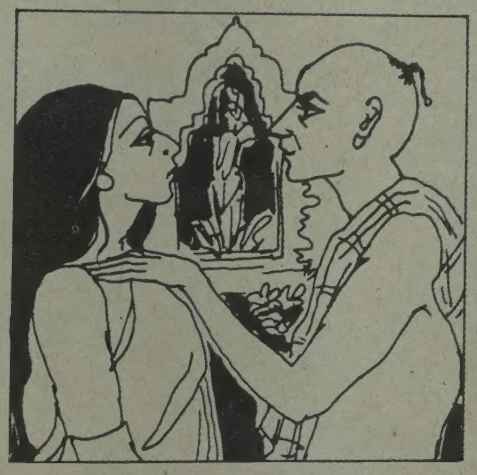
this week

DRAWINGS BY WOMEN ARTISTS

A varied group of women artists, some well-known, the others just beginning to be noticed, most of them more commonly associated with painting and sculpture, are featured here with their drawings, an aspect of their creativity that is seldom noted or applauded.
Page 8.



GIGOLOS

The rumours that do the stealthy rounds about men serving women in what they call the oldest profession in the world — prostitution — seem hard to believe, given the traditional "sati-savitri," ever-so-moral image thrust upon the majority of Indian women.
But from the reports of private eyes here and there, it would seem that there is an element of truth in the rumours.
Page 27.

POPULATION EXPLOSION : WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

The population problem is one of the most crucial problems facing the country today. An eminent doctor in Bombay discusses the allocation of responsibility with regard to population control.
Page 34.

PICKING UP THE THREADS

The current euphemism for family planning is family welfare, a point that has been sufficiently driven home. But whatever one might choose to call it, the fact remains that unless the programme is revived and effectively revitalised, the consequence cannot but be a major catastrophe. Bombay city, which has pioneered many a public health campaign, is now getting set for a concerted effort to instill new life into the family planning campaign.
Page 39

ALSO

Quiz Contest : beginning this week, our popular quiz column turns competitive, offering attractive prizes — **Page 19,** Special Offer: colourful table mats that will brighten up every meal-time can now be yours at an enviable discount — **Page 17,** "Walk in the Shadows" : Part II of the six-part serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel — **Page 10,** Film Interview : Sunil Dutt, in tune with every age group — **Page 21,** Profile : Prabha Atre, well-known vocalist — **Page 15,** Diamond Jubilee : Maharashtra State Women's Council — **Page 30.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Hiya Honey/**19**, Comics/**20**, True Confession/**22**, Fashion/**24**, Cookery/**29**, Beauty/**33**, Youth Page/**43**, People & Events/**44**, World of Eve/**45**, Horoscope/**46**.

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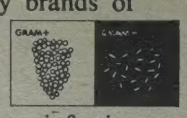

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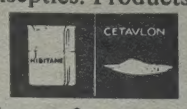

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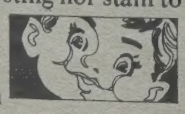

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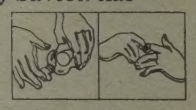

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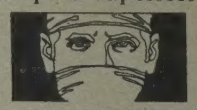

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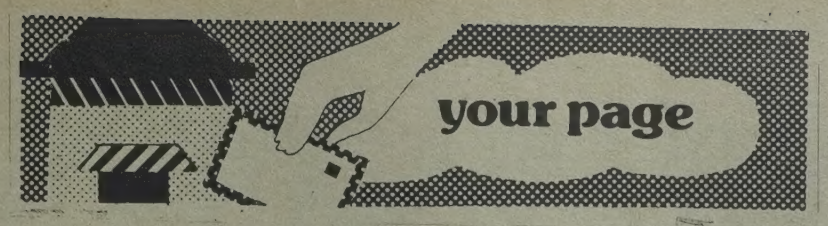


Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

FOOLING THE TOURIST

For those who feel piqued about touting one's country for tourist favour, it would be well to remember that no country is without its Achilles heel. A tourist is investing both time (usually a hard-earned vacation) and money (often one's life savings) and he is not likely to do this without due consideration. The discerning tourist goes to great lengths to get acquainted with the country of his choice and he knows very well that all travel literature needs to be taken with a pinch of salt. If India is the country of his choice, he is bound to know that it is a country of contrasts and he is prepared for this; he wants to see India as it is, the good with the bad. How, then, can we expect him to look on in appreciation at our achievements and turn the other way when it comes to things we are not so proud about. Neither can we expect the stream of tourism to stand still till we set right our shortcomings. We lack a lot of tourist facilities. We can ill afford to ignore 'tourism' as a foreign exchange earner apart from all the other advantages of tourism.

Icing over facts to make them palatable may be condoned but let us never get carried away to the extent of distorting facts into blatant falsehoods, in our attempt to draw more visitors. No single factor can damage the tourist trade in general — and the image of a country in particular—as much as a disappointed and dissatisfied tourist.

Daphne Khan, Hyderabad

It is only right that a country should present its most attractive image to the tourist—that is, if the country really wants tourists. It won't do to say: "Look, we are so poor, so hungry. There are no jobs, corruption is rampant. . . India welcomes you"! But we agree the tourist cannot and must not, be fooled. A certain dignity is required in our approach to tourism.

2nd prize

THE ROLE OF MEDIA

I have observed a number of marriages and I have come to the conclusion that the most miserable unions are those where the partners insist on their own rights; the happiest, those where the partners pull together as a team. Media like the films and the press can do a lot to bring about a desirable state of affairs. Indian films usually revel in portraying the woman as a goddess who puts up uncomplainingly with all the hardships inflicted on her by her husband and society. By continuously depicting this stereotype, films brainwash the public into believing that men are born to make women suffer and women are born to bear the suffering inflicted by men. Thus, they encourage men to be selfish and women to be martyrs.

The press, on the other hand, talks about women's liberation. Women's magazines, especially, urge the fair sex to stand up for their own rights. Women have been subjugated by men for so many centuries that Women's Lib was a welcome movement. Now, however, it is time to change the stress.

Both films and magazines should start depicting the family as a whole where everybody puts in their best so that the entire unit is happy. The weaknesses and strengths of the individual members, be they male or female, should be complementary. The family should be a group whose motto is: one for all and all for one.

A. S. Prabhu, Bombay

We have earlier commented on this obnoxious and dangerous practice of establishing stereotypes in our films. The women's magazines do lean far to the other side, but with a reason: they want the women to realise and men to examine the many injustices and disparities which prevail to the detriment of the former. Until that happens, it may not be possible for the family to act as a team.

3rd prize

(WORKING) WOMAN HATERS?

Recently I saw Gulzar's film, "Kitaab". There are many things in the movie which do not present a good picture of the modern woman. If in the past the Bharatiya Nari was presented as Sati Savitri and a quiet, coy and suffering type in our movies, today's film maker has presented an economically emancipated woman, who sees late shows with her friend, when she very well knows that her husband and her little brother would be waiting for her. She repeats the same performance the next evening without any reason when she very well knows that her husband was unhappy the previous evening; and when he asks her to leave the house, she leaves without any protest, as if that was just the thing she wanted. I am sure your magazine has often pointed out that with economic independence women will be able to improve their lot, but it definitely does not mean that a working woman has to be so careless as to neglect her house and husband. If this happens then we will also have many broken homes, as in the West. Secondly, the picture deals with the problem of juvenile delinquency and the woman of the house is not even aware of the conflicts in the child's mind, or that he is craving for attention.

I would appeal to such directors, through your magazine, not to present such a distorted picture of women on the screen, otherwise men will not permit their wives to work lest it result in broken homes and juvenile delinquency.

A. Bhatia, Bombay

It would seem today, that men have admiration for working women. But this is far from the truth. Most men prefer stay-at-home wives; if at all, they admire other people's working wives. It is a pity that Gulzar displayed such crass male chauvinism in his movie. Our sister publication Star & Style mentioned this point in its review of "Kitaab".

THE NEW CASTE

Go through the matrimonial columns and you will find a new caste system has come up in the past few years. Previously it was Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Christians. Now the IAS want IAS officers, doctors look around for doctors and lecturers want lecturers.

It's amazing how we get out of one quagmire and land up straight into another.

Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh

And another, and yet another...but you are forgetting one more — and perennial — caste: the fair and the dark!

READER'S VOICE

COVERS

The variety in your covers of late is a welcome change. I cite particularly the example of the cover of your Labour Day issue (April 29) on which you featured Shanthabai, a construction worker. She was so bright and refreshing — what a lovely smile. Here's to more Shanthabais — or, at least, varied covers!
(N. Sen, Delhi).

SEX AND VIOLENCE

My reaction to your special issue on Sex and Violence (May 13) was that, while some of the photographs were somewhat too sensational for my taste, it was on the whole a dignified handling of a sensitive subject. (A. John, Bangalore).

Your special issue was, of course, shocking. But the articles exposed me to many facts I did not know, and if they were shocking — well, that's reality, take it or leave it! (S. Nimakanya, Bombay).

* * *

I found your issue on Sex and Violence somewhat too serious and not sensational enough. It left you feeling a trifle let down. (S. Nischol, Bombay)

* * *

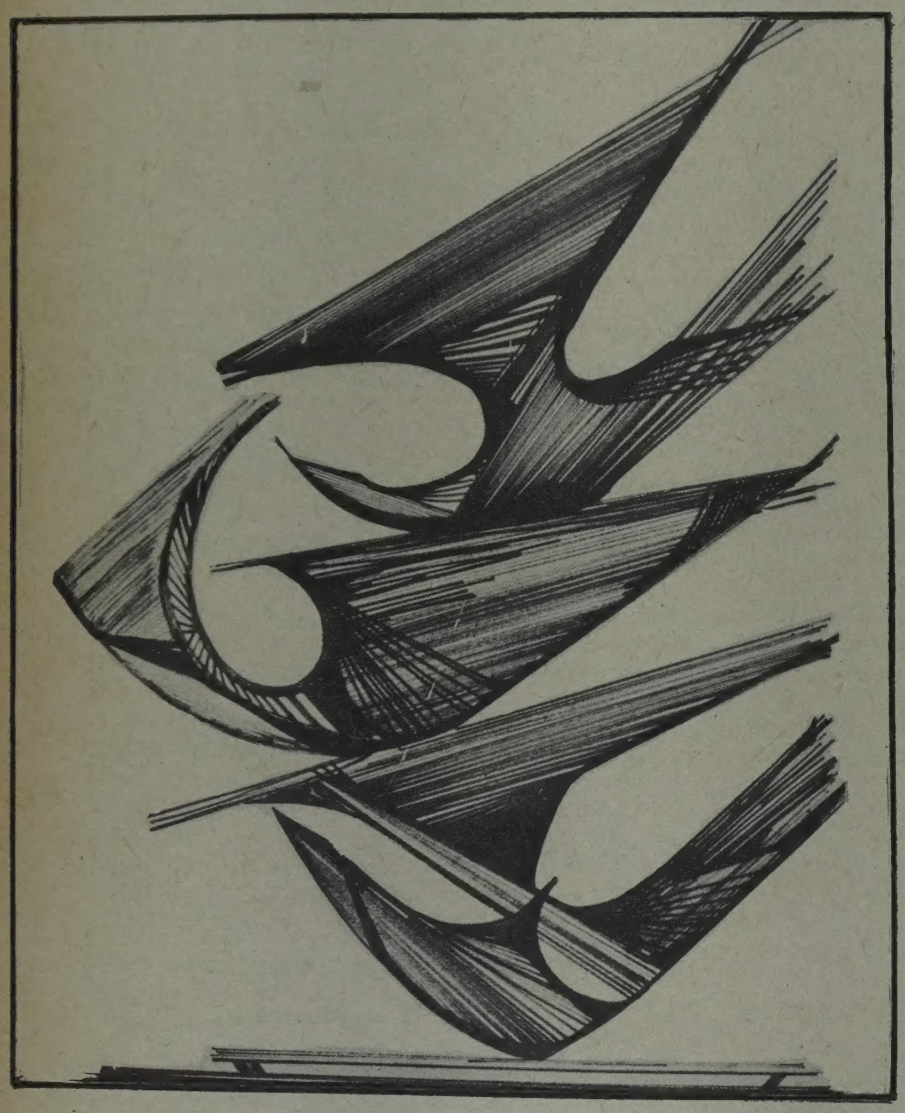
With reference to your recent special issue, the photographs used with 'Violence in a Sexist Society' were too vivid and gruesome for a family magazine. Also some of the photographs used to illustrate 'Bare Bodies and Blood: Where is the Cinema Heading?' were vulgar and obscene, and had no place in a magazine commonly accessible to children. (Leela K., Bombay)

DRAWINGS BY WOMEN ARTISTS:
a variety of styles and concepts

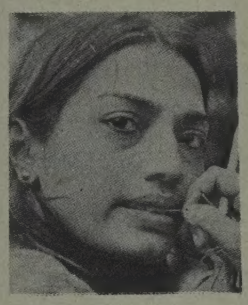
S. I. Clerk

Dedicated to their muse, they have evolved individual and unique approaches to drawing

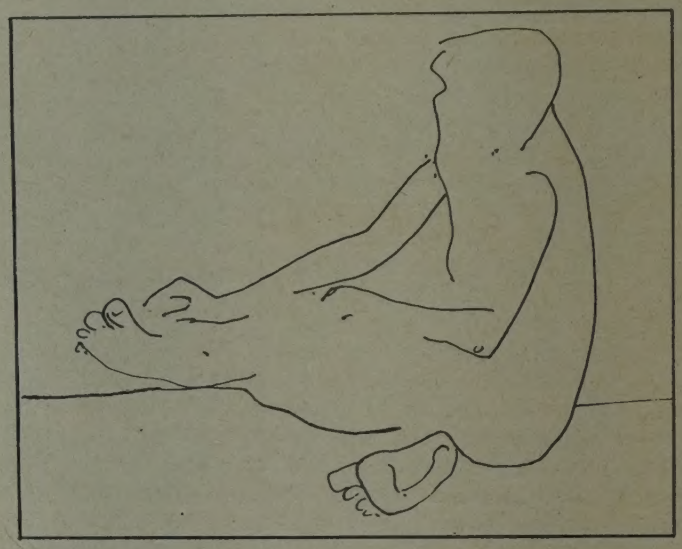
Drawing, as defined by "The Oxford Companion to Art", is: "The trace left by a tool drawn along a surface particularly for the purpose of preparing a representation or pattern." While the choice of surface is varied and the tool could be chalk, crayon, charcoal, brush, metal point, pen or pencil, I will restrict myself to paper for surface and to pencil, pen, brush for tool.



PILLOO POCHKHANA-WALA
Her drawings (left) have a raison d'etre independent of her paintings and sculpture.



CHANDRA DOSHI
The fleeting form of the visual image moves her and her dynamic abstracts are impressive (right).



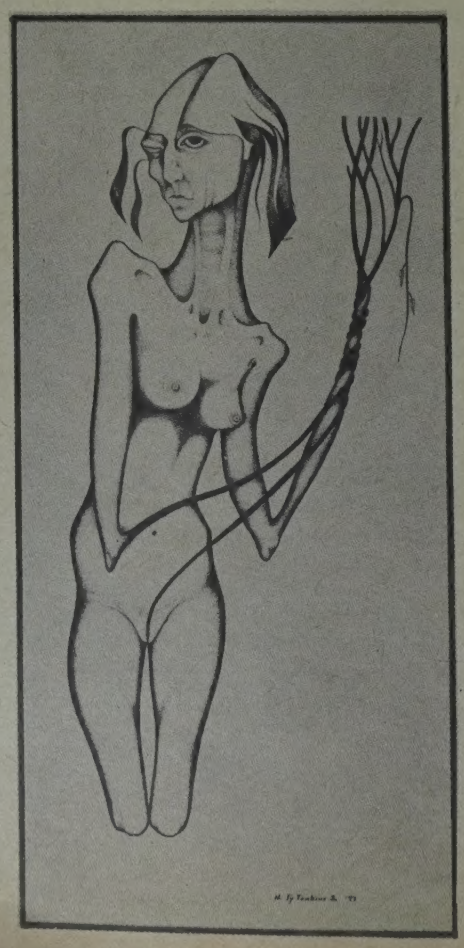
This article covers six women artists who are deeply involved in drawing. The group includes senior, well established Pilloo Pochkhanawala — a well known sculptor, Nikki Ty-Tomkins, Chandra Doshi and Anjana Mehra and the upcoming Nimisha Sharma and Shreelekha Sikandar. All these artists have originality, a unique approach and offer a wide variety of styles and concepts.

Generally, an artist's drawings are assumed to be the base of her/his paintings or sculptures. **Pilloo Pochkhanawalla's** are not so. Her drawings have an independent raison d'etre. They are forceful, dynamic and reveal a sensitiveness and a vision. At times she adds colour to her drawings, perhaps, to accentuate their "realism." The powerful strokes and the curvilinears of these abstracts are synthesized by the artist to enhance their significance. The thrusts of her vibrant lines preeminently reflect the modern technocratic age.

NIKKI TY-TOMKINS
The inner feelings of women are given expression in her drawings (right).

At a deeper level these drawings may be accepted as extensions of the artist's sculpture, expressing her keen desire to bring back Nature to the urban environment. Pilloo feels strongly about Bombay's present day vertical expansion and its terrible population explosion. She vigorously expresses these reactions through a deft dynamism. Her drawings, though neither figurative nor representational, evince a strong social involvement.

In **Nikki Ty-Tomkins** drawings we move away from the ugly urban life to the theme of woman's feelings of loneliness and isolation; of being held captive in a body subject to depression, moods and hormone shifts; of being a sexual object, a material possession. These inner feelings of the woman are expressed by this artist in deliberately distorted, twisted, contorted bodies torn by thorns, branches, trees; bodies that are held down, suppressed. These bodies are constructed on the basis of a deep study of the basic anatomical relationship supplemented by a keen observation of her own body for various angles and muscle pulls, body lines and by studying the poses of people around her. Hers are systematically studied drawings based on well defined, significantly drawn lines. Of course, her drawings are subjective. This, perhaps, contributes to the fascinating impact they have on the viewer.



Born in Canada, Nikki has been in India for the past ten years. One can detect the subconscious influences of both cultures in her work. Her drawings evolve out of sketches, which she coniders to be the heart of her work. The finished drawing is the result of hours and hours of extremely meticulous, detailed workmanship.

Nikki began by expressing woman's bondage in simple

terms — woman's physical bondage to her fecundity (child bearing). Next came woman's bondage to social customs and to the concept of her being a sex object or a toy — woman wrapped in mummy cloth with her breasts and genitals exposed. Nikki has also depicted woman as a political prisoner, held for her thoughts or beliefs — Gulag, Auschwitz, Bergen Belsen. At present, she is working on the theme of man and woman torn apart from each other by the walls of custom, fear, prejudice and pride.

Chandra Doshi's dynamic abstracts are impressive. She went to Baroda and later on to Shantiniketan to study graphics in which she is outstanding. As she is in her drawings, which are realistic. She literally throws her lines on the paper as she strives to capture the image before her eyes spontaneously. When she gets moved by a particular 'object', she must use immediately paper/brush/ink/pen and express herself on it. Chandra is not interested in what she apparently sees but in the image which disturbs her and forces her to capture it in a series of quick spontaneous lines or strokes.

The fleeting form of the visual image moves her and Chandra strives after its quintessence. She feels exicited, satisfied, fulfilled when she injects a certain lyricism, a mysticism in her lines. This, for her, is a supreme moment which is followed by an emotional quietude, a serenity — till the next compulsion.

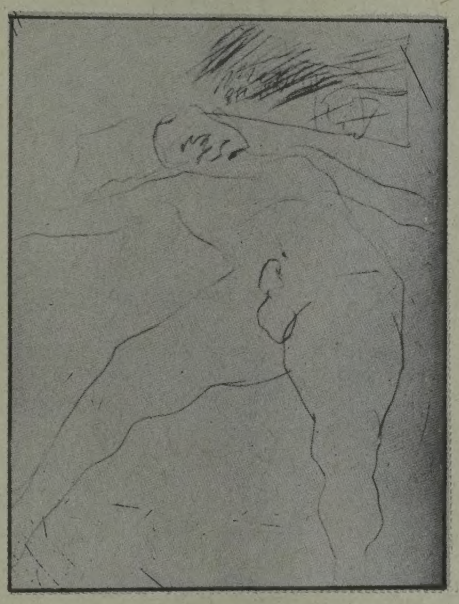
Indeed, Chandra Doshi's bold drawings are remarkable for their sheer spontaneity and for the way she captures the movement, the grace, the fleeting form through a minimum of deft strokes or lines. It is a different Chandra from the one evinced in her oils and graphics. Her drawings, Chandra feels, have a raison d'etre independent of her oils and graphics.

Anjana Mehra does both drawings and graphics which depict identical themes. Apparently she is not interested in portraying human beings but is involved with her own vivid fantasia peopled by Martian-like beings, weird worms, insects, birds, fish, animals amidst an equally weird landscape, rather dreamscape, of twisted trees and the underwater world.

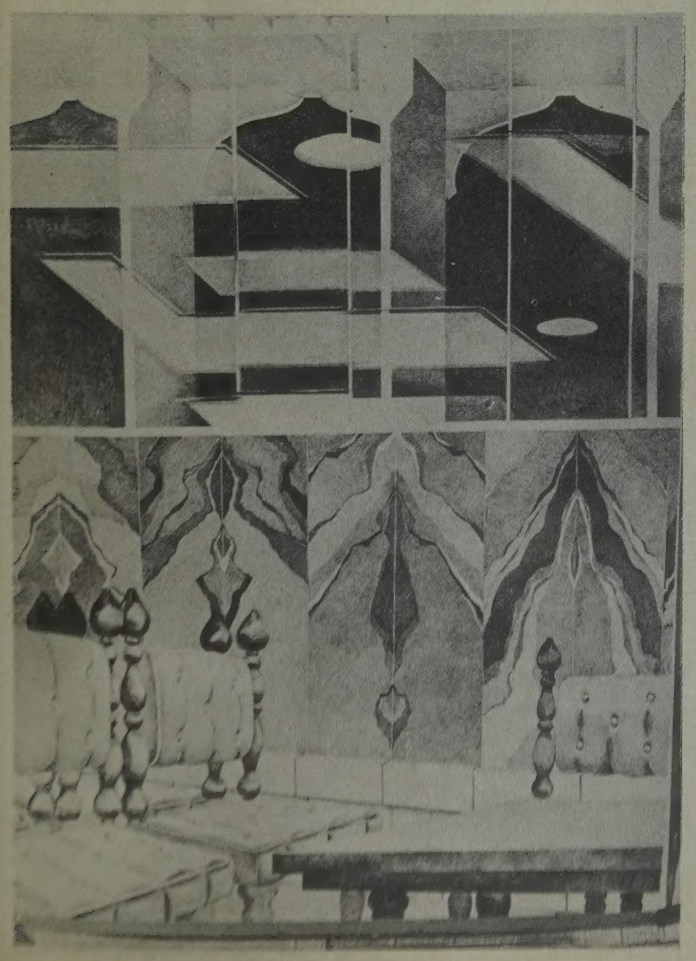
Anjana finds animals, birds or insect forms fascinating to look at and, perhaps, she feels that these are the only facets of nature untouched by the synthetic human world. The utter innocence of these insects balancing on slender needle-like legs, birds with strange beaks and air born insects deeply inspire this young artist. To her they symbolise contrary elements of helplessness and eternal hope. Climactically she vividly depicts the movement of animals which are carrying on a symbiotic relationships with the flora.

One feels the impact of the strong design element in her drawings. She has the rare ability to evolve significant patterns out of basic flora and fauna forms. One also notices the all pervading softness about her drawings. She avoids jet black and white. There are varying shades of grey in her delicately sensitive lines. These aspects are indicative of inspiration from the classical Japanese drawings, particularly in the renderings of the waves and the underwater scenes.

NIMISHA SHARMA
Deeply involved in male and female nudes, which are down-to-earth and representative.



ANJANA MEHRA
Involved with a vivid fantasia, dreamscapes peopled with weird beings.



SHREELEKHA SIKANDAR
Fascinated with the interiors of urban homes, she reveals the beautiful in ordinary, daily life.

Shreelekha Sikandar made her debut in Bombay's art world last November. She did her M. A. and received her art training at Baroda University during '69-'76. Shreelekha was born and reared in an urban environment and has little contact with rural life. This explains her fascination with the interiors of urban homes. She is highly realistic and to add to her realism she occasionally incorporates calligraphy and trade marks. For the present, Shreelekha concentrates only on objects. Later on she may depict the human form.

The artists's object is to point out something which most people are unaware of and reveal the beauty in ordinary daily life. Shreelekha's realism could have been inspired by American Pop Art. She mostly works in black and white drawings. Subtle grey tones render a light and shade effect and even give a vague 3D impression. Shreelekha avoids colours in order to stress the basic form. One is made aware of a dominance of the design element in her work. To a certain extent, this is inevitable, unavoidable. Even though she avoids the human form his/her presence is felt throughout the psychological association of the various objects portrayed by her. For she depicts objects relating to the human world not to nature.

Finally, there is another aspiring young artist, **Nimisha Sharma**, who made her debut to the art world this February. She brings us back to the world of the humans, away from Anjana Mehra's fantasia and Shreelekha Sikandar's urban interiors sans people. For Nimisha Sharma is deeply involved with female and male nudes. These are down-to-earth and representative. Her forceful lines reveal an extraordinary composition of some striking postures of the human body. The results are visually impressive and reveal a certain discipline and a sound foundation. By avoiding the face or leaving it undefined, the artist attempts to evoke a universal appeal. She strives to go beyond the classroom studies towards the abstraction of the human nude form and probe its inner significance. At the same time she injects a certain sensuality in her nudes.

These six artists, taken at random, have evolved individual, unique approaches. They are serious and dedicated to their muse.

THE STORY SO FAR:-

Nicola Prenn's missionary streak had got her into trouble more than once. This time a young girl, Denise Graeme, persuaded Nicola to pretend involvement with a married man Todd Baxter, just so Denise herself, whose date he was that night, could escape unscathed from her own fiance who had come in search of her. Nicola agreed, thinking she would never set eyes on the three people again. But she was wrong. Her father Robert Prenn, the famous artist accepted a commission for Nicola, which concerned painting the potrait of old Traugott Sorensen in Northern Transvaal. She drove down there only to discover that the nephew of the man was none other than Barak Sorensen, Denise's fiance.

NOW READ ON...

"I suppose you're Mr. Barak Sorensen?"

"You suppose correctly. If I had realised who you were the other night..." He didn't even bother to finish it.

"You'd have cancelled the arrangement," she completed it for him, and he didn't deny it. "And if I had known who you would turn out to be, I wouldn't have come."

"Why not? Because you feel I know too much about you? Did Baxter know you were coming to Piesanghoek?"

"Todd?" Nicola was genuinely surprised.

"Who else?" Barak Sorensen said impatiently. "Never mind, I can't stop your adding to Hilary Baxter's unhappiness. What was the idea? Woman and woman... the primitive challenge? Carrying it to the enemy's camp?"

For one thoughtless moment, she was tempted to tell him the truth of the matter. Then she remembered how it had all come about. Denise Graeme had needed her help. It couldn't be undone now.

Still they stood on the steps, Nicola having to look up at him because he was two steps above her. "What are you going to do now?" she demanded.

He shrugged elegantly. "Nothing, Miss Prenn. Traugott has come round to the idea that if he can't have Robert Prenn, then Nicola Prenn is the next best thing. So you will remain here until you have completed the portrait, and Traugott and Ellen will hear nothing of our former meeting."

They went through a short hallway and into a very large lounge where they were met by an African woman who had the same arrogantly proud features of the man who had directed Nicola to the farm.

Barak Sorensen introduced them briefly and said, "Please tell Madam that she's arrived."

Nicola looked around the big room. It seemed to be at the centre of the house, with the rest built around it, except on the front, where big windows commanded a magnificent view.

However, it was the pictures adorning the walls which impressed her most. Here hung the works of South Africa's best artists, as well as some by Europeans, treasures which Nicola would have given much to have possessed.

Barak appraised her expressionlessly. "It's little wonder I hardly recognised you at first. Nothing could be more different from the woman I saw the other night. Very much dressed for the farm now, aren't you?"

PART TWO

walk in the shadows

Jayne Bauling

WALK IN THE SHADOWS **by Jayne Bauling was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd, London (C Jayne Bauling 1978.)**

Nicola knew how vivid the contrast must seem. On New Year's Eve she had been over-made-up and wearing a very brief dress. Today she had donned slacks and a plain shirt, the most comfortable apparel in which to make a fairly extended car journey. Her lightly tanned face was innocent of make-up and her straight auburn hair was tied back at the nape of her neck.

She was embarrassed by his scrutiny and didn't know what to say. Usually Nicola was rarely embarrassed, but this man succeeded in making her so nearly all the time, and she resented it.

Nicola turned away from him, feeling inexplicably hurt. After a moment she said tentatively, "Mr Sorensen, you mentioned...carrying the fight into the enemy's camp. Does that mean the Baxters live near here?"

"Didn't you know that? Their farm is a few miles from here — Hilary's farm, to be accurate."

"Thank you. No, I didn't know."

"I'm surprised," he said sarcastically. "If Baxter told you he was married, I'd have thought he'd have told you something of the circumstances."

Before she could utter the hot words which had sprung to her lips, they were interrupted by the entry of an elderly couple.

"This is Miss Prenn," Barak said briefly. "Miss Prenn. Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen."

"How nice to have a visitor," Mrs. Sorensen said when they had shaken hands. "I love meeting new people."

"You're not to hinder her from her work, trying to extract her life history, Ellen," Traugott Sorensen said, with only the faintest trace of a guttural accent.

Ellen was much younger than her husband, possibly as much as fifteen years, and Nicola liked her at once.

Ellen Sorensen's blue eyes twinkled. "Both Traugott and I are ultra-conservative when it comes to art. Now, what about my showing you to your room?"

Barak went in search of Melanie.

Ellen smiled. "You mustn't

Barak's hostility towards Nicola is assuaged by the warmth and friendliness of his uncle and aunt

mind Barak. He's been under a bit of strain lately, what with the worry Melanie causes us, and Denise's restlessness. Of course I expect the situation will resolve itself eventually, but I've always thought Barak was trying to make Denise a substitute for Vanessa. She's just like her sister was at that age. Barak and Vanessa had a somewhat stormy affair more than ten years ago, but she married his brother Karl in the end, because she wanted to get away from farming and he had this job in Pietersburg. That's what makes Melanie all the more precious to Barak — the fact that she's Vanessa's daughter. Oh dear, I suppose you think it's in very bad taste for me to be talking in this way when we've only just met, but I knew immediately that you were someone I could talk to. And I do miss a woman's company."

Denise. Of course, that had been who Melanie's small, smooth face had reminded her of. The pale brown hair was different, and the child's eyes grey where Denise's were tawny, but the expressionlessness of the faces was identical. Then Denise was whom Melanie had meant by her "auntie."

Later, having washed and dressed in her room, Nicola came down. She was met by Sarah, who told her that the family was on the verandah at the front of the house and expected her to join them there.

They were all there, including Melanie, now no longer in jeans but wearing a short pink dress.

"There you are!" Ellen Sorensen looked pleased. "We always sit out here before dinner in the summer. You do look nice, Miss Prenn."

Melanie got up from her chair and came to stand beside Nicola. She stared at her for a few moments, then: "Did they want you after all?"

Nicola accepted a glass from Barak, and turned to the child. "Well, they want someone," she said, "and as I paint, I hope I'll suit your uncle."

He said simply. "I have always wanted a portrait of myself.

It wasn't merely vanity that had given birth to the wish, Nicola realised presently when they went through to the big dining-room. Two walls were hung with portraits of big men with blue eyes. Nicola counted swiftly. Nine of them. All the brothers save Traugott, the youngest. She wondered which of them was Barak's father. The portraits varied in size, and some had been sat for by Sorensens still young, while others showed men who had reached the ripeness of maturity. If she succeeded in her task, Traugott's portrait would presumably fill the empty tenth space.

The adults took coffee in the elegant lounge and Nicola feasted her eyes on the glorious art displayed there.

"Where are you going to paint my husband? In here?" Ellen enquired.

Nicola's discreetly sensuous mouth drooped. "Oh, did you want it to be indoors?" she asked disappointedly. "I had thought ...outside would be better."

"You can have a look round the farm tomorrow and decide where you think I should be."

"All right," Nicola agreed, spreading her small strong hands. "We'll have to set a time for painting, so that the light is consistent each day."

Later Nicola went to Traugott's library to find a book to read.

"May I assist you?"

Oh, so courteous....and cold, cold as that northern country from which his grandfather had set out, to bring God's message to a younger, newer country, still in its infancy. Nicola turned round very slowly to confront Barak Sorensen.

"No, it's all right, thank you," she said politely, tilting her chin a little. She was not a small girl, but in the presence of his imposing height she felt dwarfed ...and insignificant. He exuded an aura of power. Nicola didn't like the feeling.

"How long do you imagine you'll take over Traugott's portrait, Miss Prenn?" he asked abruptly.

She shrugged gracefully. "I know how badly you must want my departure — believe me, I'm looking forward to it as much as you are, but I have no intention of executing a shoddy work as the result of haste."

He smiled lazily, the grey eyes half-closed. "You don't wait to be attacked, do you? You attack first. Why. . . you find it the best form of defence, possibly?"

"What need have I of defence?" she parried.

"What need? You tell me... Nicola."

For a moment she contemplated telling him the truth of what had happened on New Year's Eve. But of what point would that be? It would only bring fresh difficulties to his affair with Denise Graeme. For both their sakes, she ought to remain silent.

"Your father said he was a widower. What happened to your mother?" Barak asked presently.

"When you hear of someone dying young, what's the first thing you think of in this country where the rate of road deaths is one of the highest in the world? It was an accident."

"I'm sorry." For a moment he was silent. Then he said. "That's how Karl and Vanessa died."

In spite of resenting him, she found herself wanting to offer sympathy, but she could detect no pain in his face, just a reminiscent expression. Yet Vanessa had married his brother and died with his brother, and Barak Sorensen had loved her.

His eyes raked her yet again, and Nicola grew confused. She hastily extracted an English translation of a collection of Guy de Maupassant's short stories from the shelves and turned to address his shirt front.

"Goodnight, Mr. Sorensen," she said, and, with her own peculiar angular grace, hurried from the library.

* * *

"Good morning, Nicola, Ellen greeted her happily, next day. "I hope you don't find our meals too early for you. These two men have already been out all over the farm. They always do the rounds before breakfast. Barak will be off again in a minute."

"Uncle Barak, I'm going to Louis Trichardt this afternoon," the child soberly informed her uncle as she took her place at the table.

"You must ask Aunt Ellen about that," he said, with that softening of the features Nicola had noticed in him when his attention was focused on his niece. "She might not be able to take you down."

"Will you please, Aunt Ellen?" Melanie asked politely.

"Very well, dear," Ellen Sorensen said amicably.

Barak stood up. "And don't forget that Mrs. Graeme is expecting her this morning," he reminded Ellen. "Melanie, you're not to go wandering about on your own until I tell you so. Van Zyl rang up earlier to say one of their farm dogs has gone missing, and there's reason to believe the animal has rabies."

"O.K." Melanie said calmly, continuing to eat.

"That goes for you too, Miss Prenn," Barak said as he moved away from the table.

"Very well," Nicola said meekly.

Traugott escorted Nicola round part of the farm that morning.

When they returned to the house, Ellen provided them with coffee. "Have you agreed on where it's to be?" she asked.

Traugott nodded. "Up near the semi-circle of ashes, overlooking the plantation."

"Nicola, I expect you'd like to see more of Soutpansberg while you're here? I was wondering if you'd help me out by taking Melanie over to the Graeme farm for a short while this morning? You have a car, and it's an inter-

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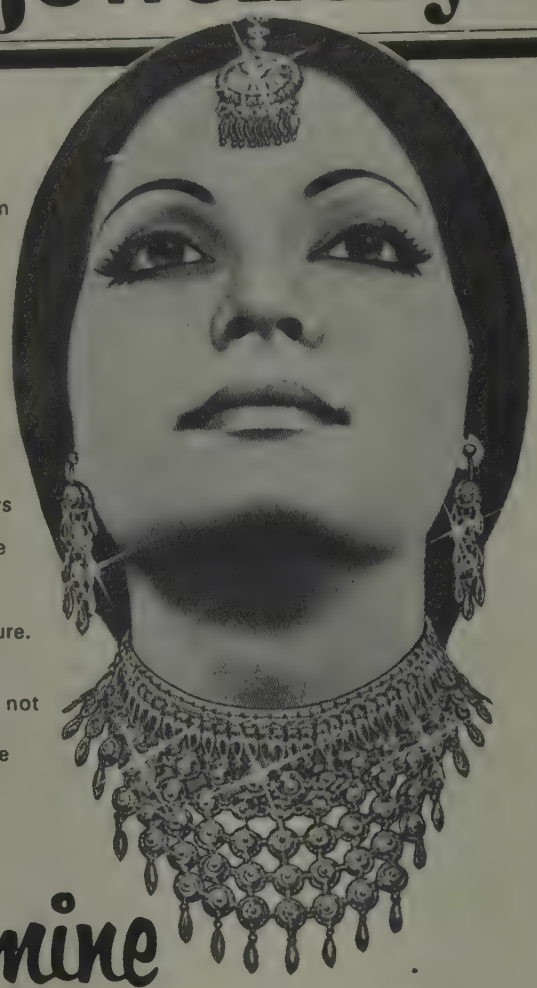

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walk in the shadows

esting drive, not too far. Melanie never stays long as Mrs. Graeme tires very easily."

"All right," Nicola agreed. She was glad of the opportunity to see more of the surrounding countryside.

Shortly afterwards she set off in the Volkswagen with Melanie beside her.

Nicola wondered if she would encounter Denise Graeme this morning.

"I think Uncle Barak might marry Auntie Denise," Melanie announced gravely. "If nothing better turns up."

Nicola laughed. It sounded so funny; as if it was a job Barak was thinking of taking, instead of a wife. "Will you like that?"

"Don't know," Melanie shrugged. "Then she'd come and live with us, wouldn't she? She'd love that — Auntie Denise likes our house and farm."

The Graeme farm was not on such a large scale as the Sorensen one, and there were no avocado plantations, only rows and rows of banana trees.

Nicola felt a pang of compassion for Mrs. Graeme. How terrible to lose your daughter! Vanessa's death would make Melanie all the more precious to her; the legacy Vanessa had left, so like her, and the only grandchild so far. But there would probably be more. . . If Denise bore Barak's children, they and Melanie would be double cousins, Nicola realised.

Mr. Graeme was a quiet man, a few years senior to his wife.

Denise herself came in, just as Nicola and Melanie were preparing to leave. She looked elegant and sophisticated in a tan dress, her shining mane of tawny hair swinging about her shoulders. At first she didn't recognise Nicola, and her face maintained its impassive expression as Mrs. Graeme introduced them.

It was only when Nicola said, "Hullo," very politely, that recollection and recognition flickered briefly in the tawny eyes as Nicola's voice was recalled.

Denise's lips parted slightly and she looked ready to exclaim over Nicola's presence. An instant later, her face was blandly smooth again as she said, "How do you do? I suppose Traugott Sorensen thought you were the next best thing to your father!"

"I hope the opinion proves justified," Nicola commented drily.

Someone else entered the room. "You get around so fast, Denise, that I can't keep up with you," said Todd Baxter, flicking back a lock of floppy brown hair. His eyes lighted on Nicola, and there was no concealment of his recognition. "Why, Nicola! What in the world are you doing up here?"

"What on earth is going on?" Denise demanded in her breathless young voice, once they were both out of ear-shot. "I had no idea you were Nicola Prenn when I met you the other night."

"I had no idea that the man you were with would turn out to be Barak Sorensen with whom my father made arrangements for me to paint Traugott," Nicola retorted as she was ushered into a small but smart bed-room.

"And Barak?" Denise persisted. "You haven't told him what really happened, have you?"

"Of course not," Nicola replied impatiently. "I don't want to cause trouble for you."

"Thanks," Denise said casually. "Silence is our policy, then. I'm grateful to you, Nicola. I don't want any trouble to come between Barak and me. What I did on New Year's Eve was in the nature of showing my hand. I wanted to spur him into action. Unfortunately, things got a bit out of hand with regard to Todd."

They returned to the lounge, to find Melanie desirous of leaving. "We have to be back for lunch, and after that I'm going shopping in Louis Trichardt," the little girl explained.

"We'd better go, then," Nicola agreed.

"I must be off to," said Todd. "I came over on foot, but you can give me a lift, can't you, Nicola? It's on your way."

It was the last thing she wanted to do, finding him such distasteful company, but with Mrs. Graeme looking on, she was forced to acquiesce.

(To be continued)

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M.S.W.C.— HELPING WOMEN IN DISTRESS

Started in 1919 with a small rescue home as its only activity, today in its 60th year, the Maharashtra State Women's Council has 19 committees involved in different welfare activities.

To alleviate the grief of women in distress and provide them with proper shelter, were the aims with which the Rescue Home was started. These aims still hold good for all the Council's activities.

Started as a totally voluntary body by a few eminent women, the Council's membership today is 1300. It encompasses "every strata of society," said Mrs. Usha Sathe, who has had the honour of being elected president for the Diamond Jubilee Year, '78-79. They have never had to ask people to join them — "they just streamed in. Our work draws them. The staff of our institution is professionally trained, the members have to do honorary social work."

Usha Sathe, President

Among their unusual and very practical activities are their Women's Home Industries Depot Committee, which markets articles made by women who want to supplement their meagre family income; their Civic Group which seeks redress of citizens' grievances and their Haj Group which helps women in transit through Bombay on their way to and from the Haj pilgrimage. One of their latest additions — a balwadi/creche at Belapur, has received a beautiful response from the villagers there and produced remarkable results in their children. This is probably due to the fact that the teacher has been chosen from the village itself.

Their most significant achievement over the years has been the growing popularity of two of their institutions — Asha Sadan, the Rescue Home which provides shelter to children and girls in "moral danger" — girls who've been raped, and who are court committed; and Bapnu Ghar — which provides refuge for women in social distress, women whose family atmosphere or other circumstances forces them to run away in desperation. These two institutions are now considered by women as places which can offer shelter, from where they will not be hounded out. Where suicide was once the only solution, these places provide an alternative.

"Our aim is to expose these girls to a better way of life, to which they can aspire. They come from homes devoid of love. We try to give them love more than anything else," said Mrs. Sathe.

The Council is fortunate in having a president who has been with them for the last 25 years.

Wherever she has lived, Mrs. Sathe has been involved in social welfare work. When in Dharwar, she was the chairman of the District Women's & Children's Welfare Board. In this capacity, she started the first Women's & Children's Rural Welfare project in India under the Central Social Welfare Board. In Mussoorie, she started the Charleville Mahila Mandal in '69 and was its president till '73. In this capacity, she also started a creche and a vocational training centre for women.

Her experience helped when the Council started its balwadi recently in Belapur. As member of the National Council of Women, and convener of one of its committees, she visited Sweden, one of the more progressive Western countries as regards social attitudes. The exposure to the activities of the Swedish Council of Women and the International Council of Women at their headquarters in Paris helped her immensely.

These diverse experiences contribute to her capability as president of the Council. However, when asked about her individual contribution to the Council, she replied, "All decisions here are taken collectively, so no one can claim to have made any individual contribution."

Equally rich in experience is the vice-president, Mrs. Thrity H. J. Taleyarkhan. She was the youngest recipient of the Padmashri in 1965. It was given to her in recognition of her social work. A member of the All India Handicrafts Board for ten years, she is Founder Chairman of Shilpi Kendra.

With experienced and dedicated women heading the Council, for the past 60 years, it is no wonder that it has made such significant contributions in alleviating the misery of women hounded by social prejudice and bigotism.

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PRABHA ATRE:

EMINENT VOCALIST

Gifted with a rich and melodious voice she sings in several languages

Dr. (Miss) Prabha Atre is an eminent vocalist who has gained popularity both in India and abroad. Her talent is neither hereditary nor was it inspired by anyone in particular. Nobody in her family was fond of listening to music. Prabha happened to learn it.

When she was young, Prabha's mother fell seriously ill and became depressed. The doctor advised Prabha's father that the patient should learn to play an instrument. Thus harmonium lessons began. The patient, however, really had no interest in the lessons so the daughter started learning to play the harmonium, instead of her mother.

Coming from a distinguished family of Pune, Prabha graduated in Science from the Fergusson College and also obtained a degree in Law. Along with her academic studies, she was trained in music by Vijay Karandikar and the late Suresh Babu Mane. Prabha has a doctorate in music from the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, the subject of her thesis being "Sargam: An aesthetic conception in music." She did her Ph. D because she feels, "When one works for such a degree, one touches upon many points one normally might not think enough about. I, in my own way, would like to bridge the gap between a performer and a theoretician." In 1954, Prabha bagged the cultural scholarship for music, awarded by the Government of India for a period of two years during which she took lessons from Hirabai Badodekar. She devoted 12 long years to music. "My whole training was a pilgrimage in the discovery of music."

Even during her training Prabha took an active part in Ganesh festivals and in the children's programme of the All India Radio. She also worked as an assistant producer of classical and light music with AIR for over 10 years.

Gifted with a rich and melodious voice, she sings in various languages — Hindi, Gujarati and Punjabi. Her base is the **Kirana Gharana** and she has been influenced also by the late Bade Gulam Ali Khan's **thumris** and Ustad Amir Khan's **sargams.** To a certain extent even Carnatic music helped to enrich and add variety to her expressions.

Prabha gave her first performance over the AIR in 1958. She dislikes group singing and prefers to sing on her own for she feels that group singing is very limited. Any artiste of classical music — whether a vocalist or an instrumentalist — cannot give of his best if he is restricted by time.

Prabha has given recitals all over India. In South India, she says, people are enthusiastic and react well to Hindustani classical music, whereas in the North and in places like Bihar and Orissa, light music, especially **ghazals**, is preferred.

In 1969, she gave her first recital abroad — in London — and then went on to France and Germany. Besides Europe, she has also given recitals in the Middle East, USA, Canada, East Africa and the Far East. Her aim was to expose the foreigners to the "beauty of vocal music which is the soul of India." About about the audience response in these countries, she said that though the audiences were small in number they were "serious, sincere and knowledgeable, and sincerity towards art is the keynote of musical appreciation."

Her lectures-cum-demonstrations in many foreign universities were highly appreciated. Prabha was particularly pleased that even those from the younger generation attended to have their doubts cleared. The youngsters found it difficult to distinguish between the **khayal** and the **thumri.** She explained, "The purpose of the **khayal** is to project the raga structure, and not the words of the composition as in **thumri.** The words are there to lend emotional colour to the musical phrases. They also provide a reference point or resting point in the rhythmic cycle after completing each unit of **alap, taan** or **sargam. Sargam** has made **alap** and **taan** a conscious activity and has added to them a peculiar grace. It also involves the listener with the creative effort and enlivens the atmosphere." The foreigners were surprised to note that Indian music lay so much emphasis on the flexibility of voice (like **meend, murki, khatka, taan**) and on the expressive use of long plain notes (like **sa, pa**).

In the category of light music (**ghazals, bhajans and bhavgeet**) foreigners prefer **bhajans** because of the spiritual background and also because bhajans involve more music than words. Prabha was really impressed by their curiosity to learn about the art. In India, she feels, the critics should display more curiosity. "The main difficulty is that there is absolutely no rapport between performers and critics here," she said.

There is no particular **raga** that Prabha favours. Any **raga,** well presented and sung at its proper time, is appreciable. But she is never tired of listening to **raga kalyan** and **raga kauns** and their forms.

The younger generation in India, according to Dr. Atre, is extremely talented. The young reveal an ardent zeal for music, they attend the elaborate demonstrations organised in various social institutions not merely for the sake of entertainment but to attain fuller comprehension of the art. Elementary music should be learnt at an early age, she feels. This music should include not only the different **ragas,** the appropriate time of their performance, the speed and rhythm but should also include the sitting posture, learning how to hold the instrument and certain voice modifications. Only after learning these basics can an individual develop his own style.

Different conventions regarding "practice" of the art still exist. According to Dr. Atre, practice does not involve only singing to the accompaniment of an instrument but listening to music whether classical or light or even filmi music, reading about music or even thinking about music is a form of practice.

At present Dr. Atre is working for another doctorate in music from the Nagpur University. This time her subject is "Hindustani Classical Vocal Concerts: History, Aesthetic Enrichment and Future Promise."

Shubhada Moghe

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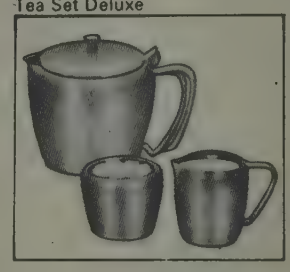

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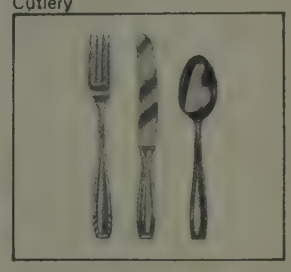

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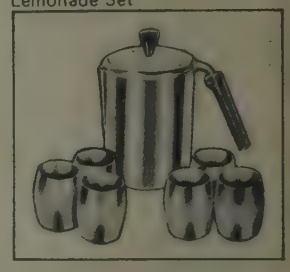

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hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Had a very harrowing experience lately, honey. No, it was not the lecture on the morning after the night before. It was not even a "who is she session?" that generally unnerves me. It was even worse than when my wife keeps mum, giving me the impression that she knows a lot, and I am not sure if she does. The uncertainty is killing. It was an inquisition that was so frightening that I returned with many more grey hairs on my head after the incident.

I was seated in my office one fine Wednesday morning. The sun was shining brightly, it was almost mid-day, and I was thinking of the meal an hour ahead. I had just spoken to my wife over the telephone and her tone of voice and the loving way she spoke indicated to me that she did not know anything till then of yesterday's escapade. The leaves on the trees outside my window were dancing as if in joy.

Suddenly in walked five very charming young ladies who in one voice enquired if I were the Alves called Johnnie.

EVEN HUMOUR CAN HURT, IF IT IS MISPLACED

They weren't smiling and when they sat around my table, almost surrounding it, I went into a cold sweat, thinking it was some sort of a gherao. I have always wanted to be gheraoed by females but this time I chickened out. When I removed my hanky and wiped my forehead and stuttered an excuse, the youngest whispered to her neighbour loud enough for me to hear, "He's not as brave as he makes out to be."

The silence that followed was killing. I tried to put on a brave appearance, one that I have often practised for occasions when I know that the wife has found out. Then the eldest, God bless her, said, "He has pretty eyes doesn't he?" That brought a smile to my face and I picked up enough courage to ask, "And what, may I know, is the honour due to?" Four of them in one voice replied, "We are readers of Eve's Weekly and we have a few bones to pick." The looks they gave me indicated that they intended to do that literally. Honey, I went into a cold sweat again.

One of them, who had more curves than a corkscrew, said, "If I were your wife, I'd pull your eyes out one at a time. Imagine writing all those rude things about one's own wife." Honey, I offered a silent, quick prayer that she was not and another, equally short, thanking Him for the one I have. "But," I stammered, "I don't mean anything. I say it for a lark. I am just having fun." "Just having fun, just like a man. Cannot see beyond his nose, can he?" A second, with smiling, dancing eyes took over. "You don't seem to understand that by picturing your wife as a monster even in jest, you are doing untold harm to the millions of wives who read Eve's Weekly and who are making such a valiant effort to run a happy family. Do you know that husbands who read your article picture their wives the way you do?" Holy papaya powder! I never thought of that!

Then a third, who reminded me of my mother-in-law, began to point her index finger at me and said, "Tell me, Twit, can you not find any other subject to write about? Must you always find fault, point a finger at females? In our circle we call you 'Fireman.'" Seeing the surprise in my eyes she said, "We'd like you to go to blazes. A more suitable name for you is 'Football'. You are nothing but a windbag."

It was the fourth one's turn and she was preparing the attack by fixing a stare at me. A minute more and I'd be jumping off the sixth floor. "Have you been reading the rest of Eve's Weekly lately, or do you only read the trash you dish out?" She was beginning to sound like my wife, so I didn't answer. I just managed a few gutteral sounds and topped it off with a cough. "We are depicting Eve in all her aspects. An equal partner with the man. We feel that hand in hand we could achieve a great deal and have fun along the way."

Honey, I was beginning to feel inadequate. Then the more mature and charming fifth said sweetly, "You write beautifully. You are funny. You are great. But you will try and change your point of view, won't you? There is so much more humour in life than just poking fun at wives and ladies in general."

I got up with a start. It was the first dream I have ever had where I had females talking to me. Generally I am busy doing better things. When I told my wife of the dream she said, "It's your guilty sub-conscience. It's an indication of the inferiority of your male superiority." I am still all mixed up.

Until next time then!

Eve's Weekly Corn Products Quiz Contest–1

HEGMAN

1. Which famous Indian Statesman was born on the 29th of February?

2. In which language was the Communist Manifesto first written? When was it first published?

3. Only one British Prime Minister has been assassinated so far. Name him and his assassin.

4. How fast can a Jack Ass run?

5. Recently, the world's most famous tightrope walker fell to his death. Name him.

6. Where in a book would one expect to find a colophon?

7. In which year did China become a Republic?

8. Which famous revolutionary at the United Nations said "I have come bearing an olive branch and a freedom fighter's gun"?

9. How many foreign tennis players have won the Indian Grand Prix?

10. In which pictures did the following four Hindi filmstars make their debut?

A. Jaya Bhaduri B. Dev Anand
C. Zarina Wahab D. Raj Kapoor

11. Who invented the Jet Engine?

12. In which country did the dance, the tango, originate?

This is the first of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Win Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly if you are first with an all-correct entry.

The next 10 all-correct entries will receive a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly.

There is no entry fee. But remember that the first eleven entries that arrive at our office by post have the greatest chance of winning. Entries that arrive later than the first eleven all-correct entries will not be considered.

Please mark "Quiz Contest 1" on the outside of your envelope. Please note that the decision of Eve's Weekly Ltd. will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

So hurry and post your entry today. And watch out for the correct answers, which will appear in our next issue, dated June 17, 1978.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU GOING SHOPPING TODAY?
HERBERT CLOSED OUT ALL MY CHARGE ACCOUNTS!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT -
IT'S TRUE - HE SAYS I SPEND TOO MUCH MONEY!
COME ON - NOBODY COULD BE THAT MEAN! I'LL BET HE'S JUST KIDDING YOU!
YOU DON'T KNOW HERBERT -
HE SAYS WE'VE GOT TO CUT DOWN ON EXPENSES OR WE'LL END UP IN THE POORHOUSE -
OH, THAT'S JUST HUSBAND TALK!
GET HIM ON THE PHONE AND I'LL PROVE TO YOU IT'S ONLY A JOKE -
O.K., IF YOU INSIST -
HAVE YOU GOT A DIME?
9-26
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HA HA world of laughter

One day William Shakespeare was finding it difficult to concentrate on his writing work. Inspiration seemed to have deserted him.

Then as he sat gnawing his pencil he glanced at it and suddenly creative thoughts rushed into his head and he began to write: "2B or not 2B..."

* * *

"The manager of our office gave me a mink coat for Christmas."

"To keep you warm in winter?"

"No. To keep me quiet."

* * *

"Will you kiss me?"

"But I have scruples."

"That's all right. I've been vaccinated."

* * *

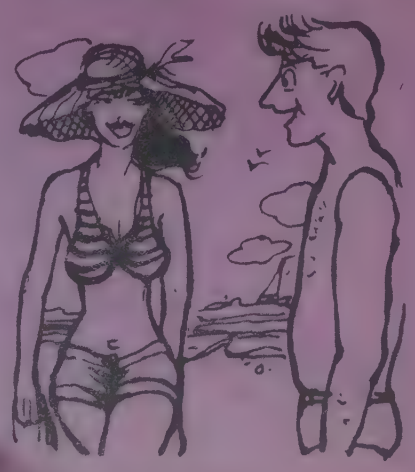
The young man asked the beautiful young girl to marry him, pointing out that his father was 103 years old and that he was the heir to his father's substantial fortune.

The girl asked the young man for time to consider his offer and, two weeks later, she became his stepmother.

* * *

David saw a beautiful young girl walking along the beach, dressed in an extremely tight pair of denim shorts which emphasised every movement of her walk. Being a daring sort of fellow, he went up to the young girl and said, "I'm sorry to trouble you — but I'm fascinated about your shorts. How can anyone possibly manage to get inside such a tight garment?"

The beautiful young girl



smiled and replied: "You can start by asking me out to dinner."

* * *

A beautiful young girl was lying, asleep, in a tiny bikini immediately below the promenade. A small boy accidently dropped a piece of his vanilla ice-cream on her, which landed on her navel.

The girl immediately awoke and sprang to her feet shocked, and said, "These seagulls must live in a flipping refrigerator."

* * *

Albert has got the laziest dog in the world. Even when he's watering his garden the dog refuses to lift a leg to help.

* * *

Shoulder Strap: A device for keeping an attraction from becoming a sensation.

* * *

A woman is like a newspaper because:

(1) They both have forms.

(2) Back numbers are not in demand.

(3) They're well worth looking over.

(4) They have a good deal of influence.

(5) There's small demand for the bold-faced type.

(6) You can't believe all they say.

(7) They always have the last word, and

(8) Every man should have one of his own and not go borrowing his neighbour's.

* * *

While the diagnosis of the patient, who had eaten and drunk rather generously, was proceeding, the sick man asked: "Doctor do you think the trouble is in my appendix?"

"Oh no," said the doctor, "the trouble is in your table of contents."

* * *

An unfortunate maiden
named Esther,
A peculiar repugnance
possessed her;
A reaction compulsive
Made kissing repulsive,
Which was rough on all
those who caressed her.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

SUNIL DUTT:

IN TUNE WITH ALL AGE GROUPS

N. Bharathi

The Dutts keep an open house in their Pali Hill bungalow. There are no formidable chowkidars who ask you stupid questions when you go in. Sunil Dutt likes keeping the atmosphere at home as informal and casual as his status allows him to. "Even the most famous field marshal is a different man in his house. If you want to meet the man as he is, there's nothing like meeting him in his home," says Sunil Dutt.

Behind every successful actor and film-maker is a man who has to be observant and a good learner. Dev Anand is one such person, a man who doesn't sit on a high horse nor does he shut himself in an ivory tower. Sunil Dutt is another. When he is shooting, he is keen to talk to people around him and learn from them. When he's driving he watches those on the road and often stops to make conversation with anybody who catches his fancy. Balraj Sahni was an actor who went about disguised so that he could mix with the crowds and learn something from people other than the ones he mixed with officially. Sunil Dutt doesn't disguise himself but he manages to get involved with the world outside films. He talks of the tribes he has visited (he once had to run away from a tribe when he was offered an Amazon to make love to!). And then he refers to a nut case who accosted him in the studio for an interview: "He was irritating but an interesting character. I feel like introducing a character like him in one of my films."

A film-maker has also to keep pace with the young. Sunil Dutt, like a few other men in his field, has this charming ability to tune in to the age group he is with. When he's with his young daughter he chuckles at her school-girl jokes and repeats them with glee. Sunil Dutt remains young (mentally) through his children. Son Sanjay (who wishes to follow in his father's footsteps) has a typical teenager's room with huge posters of Bruce Lee, Cliff Richard plastered on the walls. Sunil Dutt was keen on getting posters made for one of his projects, inspired by his son's room.

Sunil's own den upstairs is, of course, very different. All the emphasis is on a collection of books and magazines, which he has read (they're not just decoration pieces). In fact, when son Sanjay wished to give up his studies and become an actor, Sunil Dutt immediately recommended choice books for him to read and prepare himself before taking up acting professionally. Sunil's proud possession is a bound volume of Photoplay and Sight & Sound — his favourite film magazines.

In his teens, Sunil Dutt missed a carefree, happy life. Determined to study, he worked and educated himself side by side. Unlike some film people (especially some of the younger girls who insist they didn't join films for the glamour and money), Sunil Dutt doesn't fight shy of admitting his struggle for survival. There are times when he talks of the ecstasy he felt when he could finally buy himself a modest flat in Napean Sea Road and furnish it with chattais (mats). Equally frank is Sunil about his experiences with film people when he was a radio announcer. He refers to the big actors who kept him waiting for hours while they finished their lunch inside their make up rooms. "Things were not like they are today. These days journalists and stars are on a much more informal footing," he points out

Tall, and good looking, young Sunil Dutt attracted the attention of film folk and one day he was called for a screen test. Disarmingly frank, Sunil once again recalls how nervous he was. "I had a total black out. I didn't remember any of my lines." But he still made it. And though he's very interested in people outside films, it is the film industry that tops his list of loves. "I have not invested any money in hotels or business. Every penny that I have earned has been ploughed back into the film industry," he proudly points out.

To today's generation, Mehboob Khan is an unfamiliar name. But it is a name which Sunil Dutt continues to fervently swear by. As he keeps pointing out, "It was Mehboob Khan who kindled an interest in film-making in me. Till I worked with him, film-making didn't interest me at all." Mehboob Khan, the film maker who made "Mother India" brought Nargis and Sunil Dutt in touch with each other.

The Dutts are an admired couple. There is something very regal about them. Sunil Dutt was only a newcomer when Nargis was an established name. Talking about his marriage to a slightly older woman and how they've managed to keep it going Sunil Dutt explained, "Things like age matter when the couple is very young and it is an arranged marriage. When you are two grown ups, you look and find in each other several other things that keep a relationship going. You marry and be happy with each other in spite of minor differences like age because you know what you are letting yourself in for before you get married."

Professionally, Sunil has had his share of ups and downs. Currently he suffered a setback when "Darinda" flopped and there was a delay in the release of his directorial venture, "Daku aur Jawan". But goodwill is something that can be cashed in this industry. Besides, Sunil Dutt is essentially a film maker and one who dares to be different in his themes. Be it a one man show ("Yaadein") or a film on dacoits ("Mujhe Jeene Do") or going out into the deserts for a film ("Reshma aur Shera"), it was always Sunil Dutt who made the first attempt. You can't keep a man like that down for very long.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

A CULTURE SHOCK DROVE ME FROM HOME

Today my heart is heavy with woe. But one day I will pay them all back. For what they did to me. It seems such a short while ago that I came to stay in Panchgani with its wooded slopes and lonely walks. It was to be both a refuge and an escape for me. From so many things. How does one begin to tell the story of a life fraught with misery after misery? It is difficult and when I think of the sequence of events, tears spring to my eyes.

I was 18 when I ran away from home because I could not adjust to the culture shock. From a centrally heated, plush penthouse apartment in New York, I was plummeted to a one-room tenement in Bombay's filthiest suburb, Dadar. You may wonder why. Ask my parents. They came and settled in America when they were starry eyed with aspirations of amassing a lot of wealth. I was four then, bewildered by the strange towering world around me — a world that has become so familiar to me now as to be my very breath. As I grew up in those surroundings, I imbibed the local culture. I dressed like the Americans. I talked like them and became so much a part of the scene that it was unthinkable for me to live anywhere else.

We did go back occasionally to India, more to see the sights and monuments than to have any real contact with the relatives we had left behind. I felt far removed from them. An alien in every sense of the word. They didn't even understand my speech sometimes, the lazy drawl and the way I rolled my Rs. But I understood them very well and found it hard to understand why they had to pronounce each and every word. Or why the women herded together, while the men formed separate groups.

More than anything else I hated the strong, spicy food whose aroma seemed to fill every Indian house, every moment of the day. Maybe it was because the women were always in the kitchen, obsessed with eating. There was so much cleaning, chopping and grinding to be done that it left them very little time to relax. Mother, father and I had always had so much time to ourselves because we never really thought too much about eating. If we were hungry, we just opened a can and lunch was ready. There were so many things that seemed different. The manner of dress, the prayer rituals, the morality. . .

When I was 12 I went on my first date. In America such a thing was not thought untoward. In fact if I didn't go, people would have imagined there was something very wrong with me. But in Bombay, people raised eyebrows if I even mentioned it. I really don't know what made my mother act the way she did. She took me out of the public school where I was studying, just before my eighteenth birthday.

"Why mother?" I asked non-plussed.

I cast my mind back and wondered what I had done amiss. I had been behaving like any other normal American teenager. I had been going out with boys, though I did not have any steady male friend. I liked them all with an impartiality that amazed even me. I had read tempestuous books where young girls surrendered themselves to one man and stayed with him forever. But I found the idea alarming. Suppose they get tired of each other, I thought. Of course there were mother and father, a living example of what happened if two people stayed together for years, beginning to take each other for granted, so that what remained was not a bond of love but a desexed emotion for which I could not find any name.

"I don't want you to be a misfit when you go to India," she said.

"I don't understand," I cried.

"Your grandmother who came here last month was shocked at your morality and lack of Indian culture. She seemed to think your father and I were to blame."

"Oh mother!"

"That's why we're sending you away to live in India for a while."

"But mother, I don't want to go," I cried.

"Darling," she said taking me in her arms. "It's for your own good. When you marry some steady Indian boy, you will have to adjust to a whole new world."

I backed away with a start. Marriage and that too to an Indian was unthinkable for me. I cried and wailed but she would not listen to me. When father came home from work, I pleaded with him to let me stay with them. But it was no use.

Days before I was due to leave, mother made me painfully practise the knack of wearing a saree. I hated it. She said it would not do to go around in short frocks which revealed my thighs. I would just have to learn to orient myself to Indian things.

I suppose I should have rebelled right then and left home. So many girls in the United States leave home in their teens and make their own living, staying in apartments or sharing them with a friend, more for economy than any real desire for company. But though I had such an American upbringing, I had a veneer of inhibition acquired during those short trips home to India, where my wilder ways were sobered down and enthusiasm stemmed. Though I did what I wanted under the mantle of my family and home, I had a fear of breaking away completely.

How do I tell the rest? Even now I cannot visualise those days and nights of deprivation, when I pined for my familiar surroundings.

I was enrolled in a college but the boys and girls here were so different from the ones I had been used to. They neither smoked nor consumed drugs. There were no dates or dances. I was absolutely lost. Yes. One boy did ask me to come out with him to a movie. I went during lecture hours because I had to avoid the subterfuge of explanations to my grandmother. She had promised mother I would be reared like a chaste and protected Indian girl. The boy friend who occasionally took me out, held my hand sometimes. But that was about as far as he would go. Sex before marriage was unheard of for most Indian girls. I learnt that from the girls in my class.

One day I wandered out of the lecture hall into the streets and saw some hippies on the streets. They squatted in large numbers on the parapet along the sea. As I passed them I heard the familiar American twang. They were smoking too and the smoke had a heady and tantalising aroma. I offered them some money and they gladly parted with a little of their precious cargo. They were carrying it in sacks with clothes dumped over it for subterfuge. Seeing my saree, they were dubious about taking me into confidence, but I soon dispelled their fears with a confession of what I was going through. This horrified them so much they invited me to come again.

That was how I met Mark. He was rough, bearded and blond, with long hair that reached his shoulders. He was unkempt and not even a gentleman in the strict sense of the term. His words were crude and he didn't have even a veneer of politeness. But right now I was not looking for either culture or snobbery. I was desperately starved for the kind of free and easy life I had left behind, and so I threw in my lot with him. We would go away to his cheap hotel room and make violent love. And Mark had no difficulty in ob-

taining a regular supply of pills. After weeks of surreptitious meetings, he told me he was flat broke.

"What do we do?" I asked.

"You will have to get some money from home," he said. "Where do you stay?"

"You're not coming home Mark," I said. "I told you how it was with my grandmother."

"I know," he said slowly. "I wasn't suggesting coming home at all."

"Then what did you mean?"

"I want you to get some money from home and get it here, that's all."

"I can't get it," I said emphatically. "My parents send a little for my personal expenses but it isn't very much."

"I had something more. . . . infinitely more in mind," he said. I didn't like the way he looked at me when he said that. There was something hard and ruthless and utterly unscrupulous about it.

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

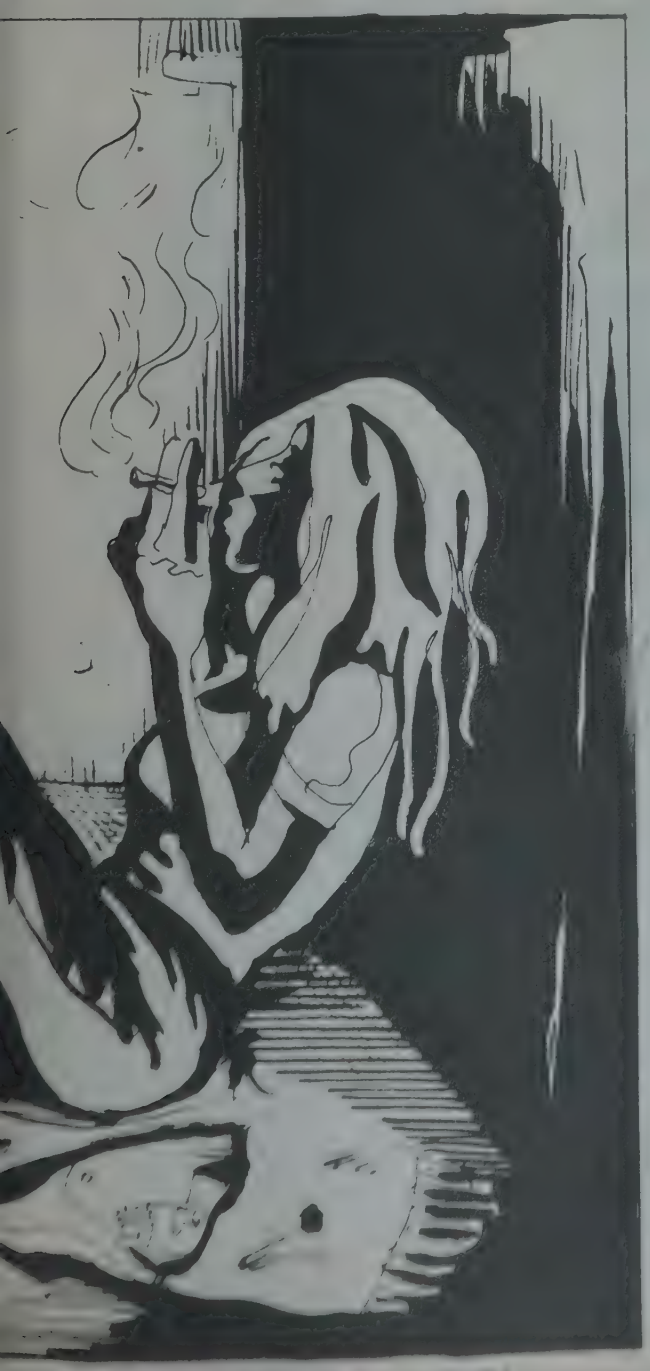
"Indian women wear a lot of jewellery, don't they?" he asked me.

"Why do you ask that?"

"It would be very easy for you to take it away. They won't notice it or if they do, they will sack the servant on suspicion."

"Are you asking me to steal?" I asked horrified.

"Oh, come on. It's hardly stealing. After all it belongs to you. She's your grandmother isn't she?"



Brought up to integrate with the worst of American society, I was then expected to adjust to a conservative way of life in India

"You are utterly without morals Mark. I won't see you again if you talk like that."

"Think again," he said. "It is not so easy to break up a relationship. And look who's spouting morality lectures. You didn't feel like that when you saw me on the sly."

"I've had enough of you and I'm sick," I cried. "If I wasn't so homesick for the life I had left behind, I would never have encouraged you."

"Well you have and there's no backing out. Get that money. . . or jewellery. . . or else. . .!"

"What will you do?"

"I'll show your stern grandmother some very pretty pictures of us. My friends took them. So our secret meetings you see were not so secret after all."

"You traitor!" I cried and flew at him, trying to claw his face with my nails but he held me at bay.

"Quiet," he said. "Violence won't help. I've set my cards on the table. Now you have a choice."

I went home subdued. My wild fling had had the most hideous consequences. I lay awake most of the nights in a fever of anxiety. There seemed to be no way out. The days passed and each one brought a desperate Mark who haunted the corridors of my college with dire threats, while I sought ways and means to avoid him. At one stage I even thought of writing to my mother and making a full confession of what had happened to me. But somehow I never had the courage to put it down in words.

My grandmother wore jewellery all right but she rarely removed it. Her most precious possessions were her diamond earrings which beckoned me wickedly. I bided my time — waiting for her to remove them. My opportunity came one day when she left them in the bathroom. In a trice, I whipped them out of sight and into my college satchel. They were my only hope. After he got them, I thought Mark would leave me alone. But he only laughed.

"Don't think it is so easy," he said. "I'm sure there's much more jewellery in the house."

"Mark please don't make me steal again. This is worth thousands of rupees."

I wrote a frantic letter to my mother, not telling her what had happened, but just pleading with her to let me come back to the States because I was horribly homesick.

My grandmother was agog with frenzy at the loss of her diamond earrings. I pretended ignorance and stood by in guilty silence while they cross questioned the 14-year-old urchin who did the chores. When my cousin began to shower blows on the boy's face, I gripped his hand and restrained him.

"You don't know these servants," my cousin cried. "They're scoundrels, every one of them."

"We all have our weaknesses," I said.

"But diamond ear-rings," he exclaimed, "are not a joking matter. I will have to report to the police." Fear gripped me.

Still I was silent. It was my only refuge. They came next morning and searched the house. But they found nothing. They took the servant boy away to the police station for cross questioning. May be even for a third degree meant to elicit a confession. I could not bear it. Yet how could I confess to the crime?

The next day I heard they had beaten the boy black and blue. His back was covered with bruises and his face was horribly swollen. I went to the police station with my cousin to see if there was any progress in the case. They said the boy was adamant in his denial. When I saw the thin gaunt boy with red rimmed eyes flanked by two brutal looking policemen, I felt tears prick my eyes. I gripped my cousin's arm, "Ask them to release him, Anand," I said. "The boy is innocent."

But they wouldn't listen to me. They had learnt from a study of the flat that this was an inside job. No one had come into the house all day, nor broken in by force. I came home and wept. My grandmother was alarmed.

"She's unused to violence," Anand said, "and the duplicity of servants."

In the dead of night I rose. I took a small bag and a little of the money which mother had sent me a few days back for personal expenses. Then I walked to the railway station and crossed the bridge to the other side, where I was aware, trains going out to other towns, halted for a few minutes. It was a frightening experience but I knew I just had to get away. I could not stay and face the furore. I left no note to say where I was going because I did not know myself.

The story does not have as unhappy an ending as might have happened if they hadn't found me, hungry and feverish, loitering on the streets of Loni, hounded by vagabonds quick to take advantage of a young and defenceless girl. They had put an advertisement under the headline "MISSING" in almost all the important newspapers with my photograph and a description of what I was wearing. Some benevolent passer-by recognised me on the basis of this and was kind enough to take me home and shelter me, till my family came and claimed me.

My parents had rushed down from New York as soon as they heard of my disappearance. I rushed into mamma's arms and cried as if my heart would break.

"We're sorry, darling," she said, "for subjecting you to all this. We ought to have known you wouldn't be able to adjust."

They made me undergo a thorough medical examination, in the course of which it came to light that I had caught tuberculosis. I also had traces of VD, a result of association with Mark, and now I underwent treatment for both diseases. To spare the rest of the family the shock of my debased virginity, I was taken away by my mother to Panchgani, which was to be both a refuge and an escape. There I told her everything that had happened to me in India, including my misadventures with Mark.

This story is just meant to be an object lesson to those who think they can transplant children from one culture to another like trees. If your children grow up in one environment leave them there whether they're six or 16. Even in the initial years it is a profoundly traumatic experience to effect a change. In the later stages it is impossible.

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GIGOLOS
the men who please women

Indra Gidwani

A young college boy is waiting expectantly in a popular restaurant of a 5-star hotel. His mark of identification is a wrist watch on the right hand, and a **kara** on the left hand. A woman in her thirties walks in, wearing a slave bangle on the ankle. She spots the boy and signals to him to go to her table. She orders something to drink, passes the money to him to pay the bill and offers him a lift. They have their fun, for which she pays.

It is not difficult for a man to enter a brothel. But what does a woman do? She could find a gigolo!

This is the latest modus operandi of the gigolos who are on the increase in Delhi, Bombay and Bangalore. The women are usually married, with husbands whose jobs keep them out of town most of the time. They are lonely women. The boys do it for kicks and for a little pin money.

There are also handsome, suave young men who operate on a professional level. About 300 of them have mastered the art of pleasing women with fat bank balances. They hang around the city's posh hotels, popular restaurants and discotheques. If you want to pick up one, it won't be difficult to spot them out. A number of airline hostesses feel the need for a companion. Some foreign tourists also ask for a male "escort" to show them around. There are travel agencies which oblige them. They have a list of names of the young men available.

The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" describes a gigolo as "generally of good education, well-dressed and pleasing to women. He attaches himself to older women of wealth, who provide for him, and at the same time carries on relations with others."

A rich, middle-aged American woman arrives in Rome to savour the pleasures of the eternal city. She is lonely. She can buy everything but can she buy love? All she has to do is to ring up her hotel manager and behold! in a few minutes there's a handsome young man at her service. Most hotels in Rome supply young men. An Italian gigolo is a well-trained professional.

In West Germany, Austria and other parts of Europe ravaged by the Second World War, gigolos flourished as a post-war phenomenon. It was a question of demand and supply. There were too many lonely widows and very few men.

In America, the gigolos are generally blacks. White women prefer the latter as the hot-blooded black man, they say, gives more satisfaction.

Even Russia has gigolos. The Russian Intelligence, we learn, has been training male and female agents on all aspects of sex.

But there's no one to beat the Indian **sadhu**. He is a master

gigolo. He's been operating behind the religious curtain for centuries, long before the gigolo appeared on the Western horizon. The Indian **sadhu** claims that he can guarantee a woman satisfaction, he can also guarantee a male child.

Having intercourse with the **sadhus** was permitted by religion for certain purposes, it is alleged. For a Rajput it was an absolute must to have a son who would light his funeral pyre when he died. If he did not have a son, his wife would go to the nearest temple and have intercourse with a **sadhu**. Not only this, it was considered a sin to be a barren woman.

There is a **sadhu** at Chunnabhatti, Bombay, who is in great demand by some non-Brahmin ladies. A practice called **Anuloma** exists, by which a person of lower caste can attain a higher caste in the next birth. That's where the **sadhu** comes into the the picture. If a woman of a lower caste has a child by this Brahmin **sadhu**, it is believed that her caste will go up in the next birth.

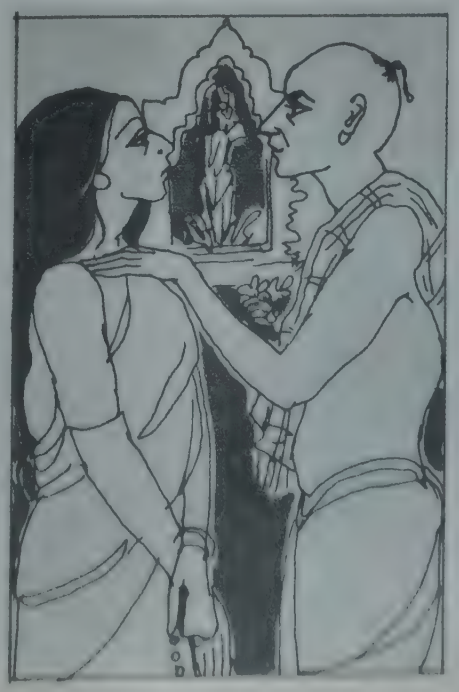
When this Chunnabhatti **sadhu** is brought to the house, the husband goes away, locks the room and his wife worships the **sadhu** in the nude. This **sadhu** also guarantees a child to all barren women.

Near C.P. Tank, also in Bombay, is a temple which is patronised by a number of wealthy, middle-aged women from the business community. They offer their **dakshinas** at the feet of their **swamis**, and at the same time can find an outlet for their sexual frustrations. There are even rooms in the temple, it is alleged, where you can have a quick one with a **sadhu**.

Several orthodox, wealthy widows patronise **sadhus**. Not permitted by society to remarry, they get rid of their loneliness in the company of their Lord Krishna.

Some years ago, a very handsome **swami** came to Bombay from the North. Clad in a white dhoti, a shawl and long hair, he used to live at Malabar Hill and was entertained by rich, middle-aged widows. Soon, he was driving fast cars, had posh flats in different localities and started a **sadhu** movement. He claimed he was a God and did not sleep, eat or drink. Women swarmed around him.

There are a number of **swamis** in Bombay today. Most of their devotees are wealthy women



from orthodox homes. These **swamis** obviously believe in the Vaishnavite philosophy, says Peter Brent in his **Godman of India**. "Worshipping Vishnu in his incarnation as Krishna, they prefer that happy God's lightness of heart, his emphasis on the pleasures of the senses as a metaphor for the pleasures of the spirit. This relaxed attitude to sexual relations, at least in the religious context, is partly based on the complex involvement of Krishna with the Gopis and particularly with Radha."

One of the main Vaishnavite sects is that founded by the philosopher and teacher Vallabha in the 15th century. Vallabhacharya called his system of beliefs **Sudh Advaita** or pure non-dualism. Says Peter Brent, "Vallabha said that the material was real since its creation was willed by God and its substance is not different from his. His desire for plurality based on a kind of cosmic boredom, makes his creation of the world almost a frivolity, something devised for his own pleasure.

"All enjoyment is permissible, provided that it becomes an offering to God.

"The wives and daughters of devotees were sometimes handed to the Guru, the maharaj, since he and God were interchangeable. This seemed less of an enormity to the devout than to others. Body, mind and property, called **tan, man, dhan** were totally made over to the Guru."

Founded on the philosophy of worldly delight, the Vallabhacharya sect is strong today in Bombay, Gujarat and other parts of Western India.

For the orthodox woman who does not fancy a **sadhu**, there are three gigolo joints in Bombay; one in Kalbadevi, the second on Malabar Hill, and the third at Borivili. They have about a dozen boys each, between the ages of 18 and 25. Proper introductions from regular clients are needed to enter these joints which come alive in the mornings.

The boys are educated but belong to the lower strata of society. As you enter the hall, you select your boy and go to the cubicle. A single session costs between Rs. 75 to Rs. 100. The joints are run by women.

Compared to prostitutes, gigolos are in a microscopic number and they are not on an organised scale. The reason is women cannot go in search of brothels at night. Besides, man is also biologically at a disadvantage. Unlike a woman who can take on any number of customers, a man cannot service many women. So he has to find other avenues of earning.

Gigolos can do it without fear of being picked up by the police, as, unlike prostitution, this is a non-cognisable offence all over the world.

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the versatile POTATO

Premila Lal

Potatoes play an important part in everyday cooking. An all-time favourite, they are rich in minerals, proteins and vitamins and they form a valuable daily item on the family menu. More than a dozen different varieties are grown commercially and some are better than others for different cooking purposes. Choose large, firm potatoes for baking, frying and mashing, while small new potatoes are at their best when boiled or steamed. Most of us tend to serve potatoes in the same old way, so why not try some of these new exciting recipes and surprise your family this week!

SPONGE CURRY

½ kg potatoes
½ cup milk
4 cardamoms
A stick of cinnamon
6 cloves
1 lemon
1½ tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

1 large onion
6 cloves garlic
2" piece ginger
½ tbsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. chilli powder

Peel the potatoes. Prick them thoroughly with a knitting needle

until they are very soft. Soak them in cold water for a few minutes, then drain off the water. Mix the masala paste, salt, milk and lemon juice and add to the potatoes. Set aside the mixture for one hour. Now in an aluminium dekchi, heat ghee and fry cinnamon, cardamom and cloves. Put in the potatoes and salt. Cover with a lid and cook over slow fire. When the potatoes are cooked and the gravy is thick, remove the dekchi from the fire and add a little ghee and lemon juice. Serve immediately.

BHUNA ALOO

500 grams potatoes
Salt
Pomegranate seeds
Ghee

Put some ghee into a large pan and heat it properly. Wash the potatoes well but do not remove the jackets. The potatoes should not be larger than three-fourth inch in diameter. Sprinkle them with salt and pomegranate seeds. Lemon juice may be used in place of the seeds. Fry in the hot ghee. If preferred these little potatoes may be "French Fried" in deep fat. Makes a delightful side-dish or hors d'oeuvre.

ALOO SALNA

500 grams potatoes
½ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
A pinch of cummin seeds
2 red chillis, crushed
Ghee
Salt and pepper to taste

Warm one tablespoon of ghee in a saucepan, then put in the dry condiments — mustard seeds, fenugreek, crushed chillis and cummin seeds. Dice the potatoes and add them to the ghee. Keep the vessel covered all the time. Now add the salt and pepper. If you want it extra hot, add half a teaspoon of chilli powder. Put in sufficient water to cook the potatoes. Serve piping hot with puris.

ALU CHAT

1 kg small potatoes
4 green chillis
1 tsp. amchoor (dry mango powder)
1 tsp. fresh garam masala
1 tsp. fresh cummin seeds, roasted (ground)
1 cup tamarind sauce
Coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste

Wash and boil the potatoes well. Peel and slice into small round slices. Put in a serving bowl and mix in all the ingredients. Lemon juice may be used instead of tamarind, if preferred.

POTATO AND RADISH WITH CURD

1 kg potatoes
2 tsp. cummin seeds roasted, crushed
1 tsp. chilli powder
1½ cups radish, shredded
1 litre curds
1 tsp. sugar
Salt and pepper
Lettuce leaves

Boil the potatoes, peel and slice thinly. Season the curd with salt, pepper, chilli, cummin seeds, sugar and radish. Add the potatoes and mix well. Chill thoroughly and serve in a wooden bowl lined with lettuce leaves.

POTATO PIE

1¼ cups boiled, mashed sweet potatoes or standard potato
1 tsp. orange rind, grated
⅓ cup brown sugar (extra ¼ cup, if potatoes are used)
2 eggs
½ tsp. salt
2 cup milk
1 pastry crust, unbaked
Whipped cream for garnishing
Orange sections, without seeds or membranes

Line a pie pan with one standard pie crust. Blend the potato with sugar, salt, and orange rind. Beat the eggs well and add milk and beat smooth. Add to potato mixture and blend thoroughly until free of lumps. Brush the pie shell with melted butter and pour potato mixture into it. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes then reduce heat and continue baking in moderate oven for half an hour longer until custard is firm. When thoroughly cool, garnish with whipped cream and orange sections.

POTATO BHARTHA

4 potatoes
1 large onion
2 green chillis
½ tsp. mustard seeds
Pinch of fenugreek seeds
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. ghee

Bake the potatoes till tender. Remove skin and crush with fork. Slice onion finely and chop the chillis. Heat the ghee and fry mustard seeds and fenugreek seeds. Add onions and saute till light brown. Add potatoes and salt and mix well with a wooden spoon. Fry for five minutes or till heated through. More chillis may be added if desired.

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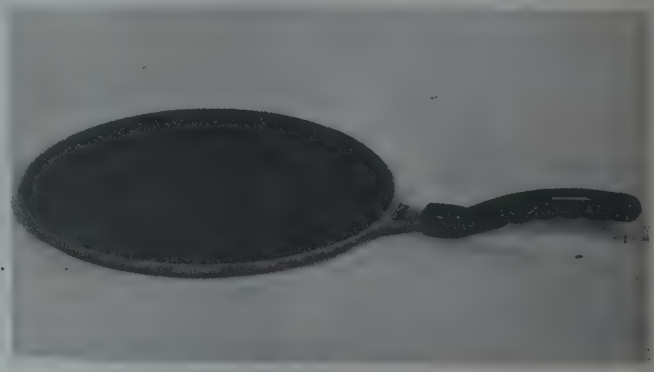
MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

1) A 300 mm 10 gauge non-stick Tava (June) and 210 mm non-stick Fry Pan (July) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay,

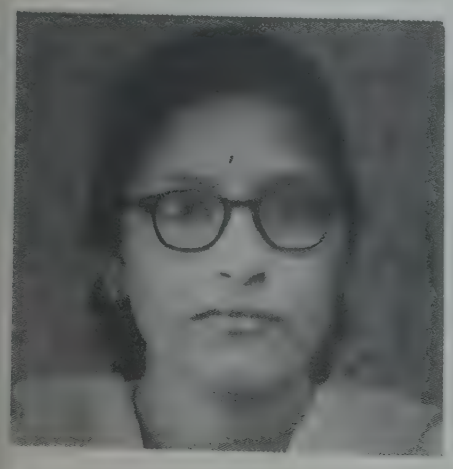
2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and

3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REFJSINGHANI.



So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

recipes from our readers

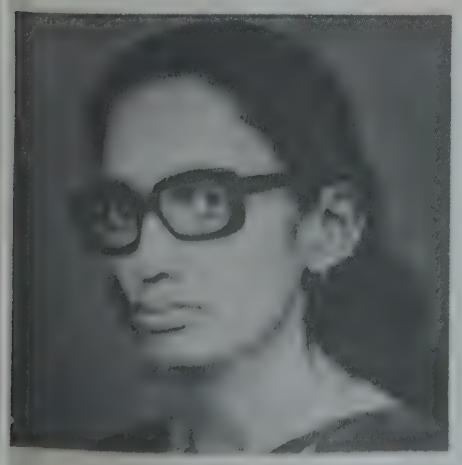


Miss Pramod Mohan, Bikaner.

PARTY STEW

1 kg mutton chops
½ kg tender spinach leaves
½ kg onions, cut into rings
½ kg tomatoes, cut into halves
½ kg fat, preferably vegetable ghee
2 cloves garlic
60 grams ginger cut into thin long pieces
1 tsp. black pepper, powdered
10 cardamoms, lightly pressed
4" piece cinnamon
8 cloves
10 red chillis
1 bunch of coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Heat the ghee in pressure cooker or heavy dekchi. Put one layer each of onions, spinach and chops. Add powdered spices, ginger, garlic and tomatoes. Put remaining onions, spinach and chops in layers with salt to taste and cover tightly with a lid with enough water. Simmer for 30 minutes or a little more on low heat till meat is tender and water is nearly dry. Remove the lid and fry for a few minutes till water is completely dry. Remove from heat. Serve hot with a sprinkle of chopped coriander leaves.



Mrs. Dorothy E. Francis Mysore.

MUTTON ROAST IN COCONUT MILK

1 kg mutton
2 medium onions, finely sliced
8-10 red chillis, broken in pieces
12 pepper corns
4 cloves
1 piece cinnamon, broken in pieces
A sprig of mint leaves
3-4 cups of thick coconut milk
½ cup vinegar
Salt to taste
2 tsp. coconut oil

Wash and wipe the meat. Prick well with a fork or make small gashes with a sharp knife. Allow to marinate in vinegar and salt for 6 to 8 hours. In a thick bottomed dekchi, with a tight fitting lid, put in the meat with all its liquid, along with the red chillis, whole pepper corns, cloves, cinnamon and mint leaves. Allow to simmer on a slow flame till the liquid is absorbed. Add the thick coconut milk and allow the meat to boil on high flame till tender with little gravy. Remove from the fire. Carefully lift the meat and place on a wooden board and allow to cool. Cut into slices or desired pieces. Place the dekchi with the liquid once again on the fire, add finely sliced onions and fry till done. Add the meat and baste it in its own fat. (or if not, sufficient add 1 or 2 tsp. coconut oil). When nicely cooked and golden brown, remove and serve with boiled vegetables.

Miss Madhu Paul, Calcutta.

VELVET REFRIGERATOR CAKE

24-26 soft sponge fingers
175 grams castor sugar
2 level tbsps. cornflour
450 mils milk
250 grams double cream
60 grams cocoa
2 egg yolks
30 grams butter
1 level tsp. gelatine
2 tsps. water
Almonds, toasted for decoration (optional)

Line a cake tin 7" by 5" by 2½" with a strip of grease proof paper. Arrange some sponge fingers to cover the base and sides. In a saucepan blend together the sugar and cornflour. Gradually stir in the milk and 125 grams cream. Dissolve cocoa and bring slowly to the boil. Keep stirring. Boil gently for 2-3 minutes. Cool for a few minutes and beat in the egg yolks. Return to the heat and cook for a minute. Beat in the butter. Sprinkle gelatine over 2 tsps. water, stir into the chocolate mixture. Cool, stirring occasionally. When the mixture is beginning to thicken, pour half of it over the sponge fingers. Cover with another layer of sponge fingers and spoon over the remaining chocolate mixture. Cut the fingers in level with the chocolate mixture and use the bits to place over the chocolate in the final layer. Leave overnight in the refrigerator. To serve, turn out onto a flat dish. Whip the rest of the cream. Cover the top of the cake with cream and garnish with almonds.

weekly 1 winner

Mrs. Ann Aranjo of Bombay, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

TUTTI FRUITTI PUDDING WITH ORANGE FOAM SAUCE

50 grams dried apricots
50 grams glace cherries, chopped
25 grams angelica, chopped
200 grams butter, unsalted
200 grams castor sugar
Grated rind and juice of one orange
75 grams self raising flour
50 grams fresh, white breadcrumbs
6 tinned apricot halves
2 eggs
Golden syrup
ORANGE FOAM SAUCE:
25 grams unsalted butter
Grated rind and juice of an orange
1 level tbsp. plain flour
50 grams castor sugar
1 egg
Lemon juice

Cream butter and sugar together till light and fluffy. Add grated orange rind. Whisk eggs lightly and beat into butter. Mix sifted flour and bread crumbs and fold into pudding mixture. Add orange juice and also chopped fruits. Grease a pudding basin. Coat bottom of basin with three tablespoons of golden syrup. Arrange six apricot halves over syrup. Spoon over the pudding mixture. Steam for one and three-fourth to two hours until pudding has risen and set.

While pudding is steaming prepare sauce: Cream butter with grated orange rind and gradually beat in flour mixed with sugar. Beat in egg yolk. Add orange juice and 1 cup water. Cook sauce, stirring constantly until thick. Cool. Just before serving add stiffly beaten egg white with lemon juice.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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SHILLONG
Police Bazar

SIMLA
The Mall

SRINAGAR
13, New Municipal Building
H.S.H. Street

beauty bulletin

FALLING HAIR

I am 27 and have a problem. For the past two weeks my hair has been falling in bunches. What should I do to prevent this?

P. L. (Srinagar)

If you have scalp infection, you should see a doctor to remedy the condition as this is one of the causes of falling hair. Great physical or emotional strain and illness also are contributing factors. Frequent dyeing, perming, bleaches do have a harsh effect on hair.

Remember to be gentle with your hair, use a mild shampoo to wash it and never brush hair when wet.

You should condition your hair weekly before you shampoo it. Warm a little coconut or olive oil and massage your scalp with it rubbing the oil gently till you cover the entire scalp. Then wrap you head in a towel wrung out in hot water. When the towel cools replace it with a hot one. Repeat this for about 20 minutes.

HOME MADE CLEANSER

I am on a diet and sometimes tempted to eat a piece of cake or chocolate. How can I overcome this? And how may pounds can I lose every week without any harmful effect?

Please suggest me a face cleanser which can be made at home.

C. M. (Bangalore)

When on a diet and you are desperate and tempted to eat sweets, before you eat anything, drink two full glasses of water. After this perhaps you will find it easier to resist the temptation. Try this out and see.

As regards losing weight, you should not reduce over two or three pounds a week — this is not harmful.

Here is a recipe for a face cleanser. Take a teaspoon of lemon juice, a teaspoon of orange juice and half a cup of curds. Mix well. Pat the mixture gently all over the face, leave it on for a few minutes, then wash gently with lukewarm water. Pat dry.

WRINKLES ON NECK

Though I am only 22, fine wrinkles have started forming on my neck. How can I get rid of these? Also my neck is flabby.

Please suggest an exercise to reduce plump calves and ankles.

L. D. (Ahmedabad)

Warm a little almond oil and massage it on your neck every night before retiring. Use upward movements so that you don't drag the skin. Do this for a couple of months.

Here are some exercises to tone a flabby neck.

1. Throw your head right back and open your mouth wide, wait for a few seconds, then close your mouth firmly by bringing your lower jaw up. Bring head to its normal position. Repeat five times.

PRETTY LIPS

2. Bend your neck slowly to the left, as far as you can, then to the right. Do five times. Always hold your neck properly stretching it out, but do not exaggerate this.

Try this exercise to reduce plump calves and ankles.

Cross right leg over the left one. Then rotate right foot making large circles -- 12 times clockwise and 12 times anticlockwise. Repeat with the other foot.

USE A LIP BRUSH

I am 17 and have just started using lipstick. I have noticed that my lipstick is not so neat as it should be. How should I apply it?

R. R. D. (Panjim)

You should use a lip brush to get a neat lipline. With the brush first draw the outline of the upper lip starting from the centre to the corners, resting your little finger against your chin to keep your hand steady. Then outline the lower lip.

Now fill in colour from the tube and wait for it to set before blotting. Use a tissue to blot excess colour — do this gently.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR

When I ask — is woman responsible for the population explosion? — any female of the species might charge me with mischievous implications like in this question — when have you stopped beating your wife? — and retort that it is a fact that it takes two, a woman and a man, to set the ball of population rolling.

I quite agree, and I want to show that women have always been very much wronged by the dominant male. So much so that I sometimes wonder why, while women are agitating everywhere for their emancipation, they have not yet raised a specific slogan: women of the world unite for you have nothing to lose but your men!

Our scriptures have paid compliments to women unreservedly. On the other hand, Manu strongly believed that women do not deserve freedom.

Thus the male-female dialectic appears to be an eternal phenomenon. Some of the Sanskrit terms, like "Bhagwan" and "Saubhagyavati," have a genital etymology testifying to the sexual preoccupation of our ancients. "Bhag" means female genitals and thus the word "Bhagwan" was coined to mean as the seat of highest pleasure. Therefore it is pertinent to note that divinity itself is based on the concept of sexual pleasure. One may find shades of "Tantra" in this.

The term "Saubhagyavati," signifying the faithfulness of a woman towards her husband is a sure indication of her sexual servitude to one man since the patriarchal family system came into existence. It is the discovery of his paternal status by man that led to " . . . the subjection of woman as the only means of securing their virtue — a subjection first physical and then mental." as Bertrand Russel notes in his Nobel Prize winning study "Marriage and Morals."

The crux of patriarchal thinking is that women exist solely for reproduction, to perpetuate the male line, his tribe and his race. Sex within the family to procreate the male line was highly valued and even sanctified. Illicit sexual activity, particularly by women, was a grave crime often punishable by death.

As Simone de Beauvoir states: "In the patriarchal regime she is the property of her father, who marries her off to suit himself. Attached thereafter to her husband's hearth, she is no more than his chattel and the chattel of the clan into which she has been put." That was substantially the position woman was reduced to according to the dictums of Manu.

Mahavir and Buddha, who rebelled against Hinduism, laid down the householders' ethic is distinct from that of the ascetics, and called upon the householders to practise an egalitarian ethic in conjugal matters. According to Buddha "Husbands should respect their wives, and comply as far as possible with their requests. They should not commit adultery. They should give their wives full charge of the home. Wives should be thorough in their duties, gentle and kind to the whole household."

As a noted authority on ancient Indian history and culture, Dr. Bashan says: "The ancient Indian attitude to women was, in fact, ambivalent. She was at once a goddess and a slave, a saint and a strumpet."

Whatever may have been her scriptural, patriarchal and sexual position, there is no doubt that woman did exercise a strong influence in household and worldly matters.

The essence of women's subjugation lies in the perpetuation of double standards of sexual morality, that is, sexual permissiveness and freedom for men, strict chastity and fidelity for women.

Population control is a matter of comprehensive strategy. But above all men and women must make a united endeavour to check the menace of population explosion

With the women's liberation movement, feminists demand, among other things, that double standards in sexual affairs be abandoned, the freedom of men to have sexual relations before and outside marriage, must be open to women; and it should be no more disgraceful for a girl than for a boy to experiment with sex, no more stigmatising for a woman than for a man to have what is called an affair.

And, in today's world it is perhaps possible to conceive of this new principle of sexual expression, because for the first time in history contraception makes it possible for persons to engage in sexual relations without the fear or expectation of pregnancy. It is interesting to note that the historian Toynbee is also led to the same opinion. He says that "Liberties that have traditionally been banned might need to be reconsidered on their merits" because of "contraceptives which have introduced a liberty for indulging in sexual relations without the fear of consequences for the female partner."

Even when there is a change in sexual perspective Toynbee expects that the institution of marriage will survive because he thinks that "mankind's spiritual qualities are more often displayed not only between husband and wife, but also in the task of bringing up a family, in a monogamous marriage than in any other form of the institution."

It is against this broad perspective of women's status or the lack of it that I am constrained to argue that India will find it very hard, almost impossible, given the poor general health, medical, and educational facilities, to cope with the ever-rising tide of population. Despite all the efforts we are making, our population is going to touch a fantastic high of 1,000 million by the end of the century.

While technological advancement and industrialisation have established the population balance in the developed world, the situation in under-developed countries like India is becoming more and more difficult. This is partly because, although modern medicine and health measures have reduced mortality, the birth

rate has remained almost constant. Though India is fast becoming industrialised, a major portion of our population — up to 80 per cent — lives in villages and is bogged down by poverty and lack of even the primary medical and health facilities.

Even after 25 years of planning, socio-economic disparities have continued to widen. The grim reality of the economic situation in India today is that more than 60 per cent of the population lives below the poverty line. Only 50 per cent of our total population purchase about nine per cent of the cloth produced and 34 per cent of the cereal consumed. We talk of a food surplus when 240 millions live at the subsistence level, 230 millions on only one meal a day, and when 4.4 millions are chronically unemployed.

The irony is that 80 per cent of the health budget is spent on 20 per cent of our urban population. Despite the fact that we produce 13,000 doctors a year, they are available only to the urban population. The Janata Government has now devised a scheme to help the poor. The illiterate villager will be "manufactured" into a barefoot doctor on the Chinese model within three months, and look after the "rural needs," while the urban population gets the best doctors and the most sophisticated medical aid and equipment!

POPULATION EXPLOSION ?

Dr. L. H. Hiranandani

It is not surprising that family planning has failed miserably against this grim economic reality of India. Male children are still considered an invaluable economic asset to the villagers constantly caught in the vicious circle of hunger, disease and uncertain monsoons. All this is aggravated by the lack of education. And in this hopeless situation, sex alone provides an easy escape. There is no worthwhile motivation for the rural population to exercise restraint, take advantage of family planning and better their economic status.

In this gloomy situation, it is unthinkable to expect women labouring under the weight of tradition and religion, and subjected to extremes of male domination, to be conscious of the benefit of family planning, when their male counterparts are totally lacking in a sense of direction and struggling blindly for the bare necessities of life.

There is a proposal to raise the age of marriage for girls. But will it help? The age limit is only applicable in the urban area. How can it be effective in rural areas, where a girl is considered a commodity to be bought and sold? Moreover, a biological aspect which has an important bearing on reproductive behaviour and thus on the demographic impact of the postponement of marriage is the factor of menarche — the age at which menstruation first occurs.

An earlier age of menarche, a characteristic of tropical countries like India, may defeat the purpose of raising the age limit for marriage because of unfavourable factors such as poor socio-economic and cultural environment. The age of menarche and its impact on the effective marriage age may throw significant light on reproductive behaviour in India.

But if better nutrition in childhood is the main factor in the earlier age of menarche as is evident in Western countries — which cannot be obviously taken as a decisively casual factor in a tropical country like India — then it may also be held responsible for early marriages as seems to be happening with teenage marriages in Western countries.

As noted by Derek Llewellyn-Jones in his book "Human Reproduction and Society in the European Countries," the age of menarche has fallen from between 16 and 17 years in 1840, to between 15 and 16 years in 1880; to between 14 and 15 years in 1920; and between 12 and 13 years in 1970. He suggests that this earlier sexual maturity has coincided in the last decade with what is believed to be "greater sexual permissiveness" in the U.S.A., Canada and in Europe.

This evidence shows that the demographic kaleidoscope presents an unpredictable pattern and a juggling of one or several factors may bring about an unforeseen pattern. It is a demographic assumption that a low level in industrial development, a high incidence of communicable diseases and a low literacy level tend towards earlier marriages.

But the growing incidence of teenage marriages in Western industrialised countries shows that, with increased literacy and better health-care, the age of marriage is falling again. This hypothesis was investigated by Hainal by obtaining data from several European countries. He found that in northern Europe "Prior to the industrial revolution, the age of marriage was relatively late, and that it did not change substantially in the 250 years between 1970 and 1940 although there was a slight downward drift, which has suddenly accelerated in the past 35 years."

This led Derek Llewellyn-Jones to conclude: "In both the developed and the developing nations, early marriage is becoming more frequent and this is likely to be followed by a higher birth rate, unless fertility control is encouraged."

I must point out, however, that in all this complexity of reproductive behaviour, Llewellyn-Jones is not unmindful of the fact that throughout the world there is a strong inverse relationship between educational attainment and the degree of natality. The higher the proportion that is illiterate, the higher the natality, that is, live birth rate of the nation.

The only rule of human reproduction appears to be that there is no hard and fast rule, when male and female of the species come together in holy wedlock or otherwise it will end up in offspring unless contraception is resorted to. And still there will remain "an element of indeterminacy" that is, of the attitude of the male counterpart.

Male attitude has much to do with high fertility, particularly in rural and agrarian societies like India. Here a multiplying progeny gives a man a status of virility when there is little else to give. He may thus be striving unconsciously — not in the libidinous Freudian sense alone — to be the ultimate in masculinity

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR POPULATION EXPLOSION?

and to see the proof of it in the brood of children he has sired. I think this diposes off decisively the question I posed at the outset and exonerates the women from any active responsibility for population explosion.

But of course it cannot dispose off the problems of the flood of population engulfing our country caught in ignorance, superstition, illiteracy, poverty and weight of ages of tradition particularly unjust to women. If I am pessimistic on the population front I do not mean to underrate the intrinsic value of modern birth control measures. But whatever their value they can be effective only in a certain socio-economic and educational context.

As an example of how even a temporary release from modern civilisation affects human sexual behaviour, I would like to cite what happened in New York some time ago due to power failure. Because of power failure the men went home earlier than usual to their wives. Exactly after nine months and nine days the birth rate reached its maximum. If this can happen in an advanced developed country in one night's darkness, one can well imagine the plight of our villagers and urban poor who face darkness on all fronts.

Like the New Yorkers on the blackout day people living in socio-economic darkness indulge in sex indiscriminately all the year round, if only to escape life's rigours and wretchedness. Against this grim background, I do not think the question of whether man or woman is responsible for population explosion arises because both are at the mercy of greater socio-economic compulsions.

In this population dilemma facing India I can only envisage a two-pronged solution: priority to work and education. First, we have to provide work and education to all our people before we can expect them to respond to family planning (now welfare) measures. Once that is set in process and the parents come to realise that reasonable health and medical facilities are available within easy reach, and children are given the opportunity to learn the three Rs no propaganda or coercive measures will be necessary.

But I am aware that the solution of work and education I am envisaging leading to voluntary check on population is a long term plan. In the meanwhile the tide of population cannot be asked to stop as in the case of King Canute. It is rising and will go on rising. Therefore India will have to rely on all the weapons in its birth control armoury in its fight against population explosion.

It is also possible to consider the control of population from a different angle of providing socio-economic incentives. I do not mean incentives in cash and kind for individuals as they are offered for vasectomy and tubectomy operations. What I mean is a social security system as suggested by Derek Llewellyn-Jones to counter the urge for more children for social and economic support in old age.

A social security system as proposed by Llewelyn-Jones providing adequate support for the old, for the invalid and for the sick could be considered as a valuable socio-economic supplement to population control measures. It may also suitably comprise social welfare and educational incentives. Parents who at the start of the scheme had more than two children would be eligible for a full pension, but future parents who chose to have more than two children would receive a reduced pension.

The equity of this proposal is that as the community largely bears the cost of education and providing health care, it should not be doubly burdened by having to provide a full pension for a selfish person. This proposal has a special relevance in India because it has a very high youth-depending ratio which severely retards development. The young are an economic drag as they require food, shelter, education and health care. Economists have calculated that the cost of the scheme would be less than the cost of rearing children who would be born, that is, the cost of youth-dependency if the scheme did not exist.

Population control is thus a matter of a comprehensive strategy. But first of all we must pay special attention to the needs of villagers. Let us give them work so that they can buy food. Let us provide them with medical and health care.

Men and women have to make a united endeavour to increase production and to check the growing menace of population explosion.

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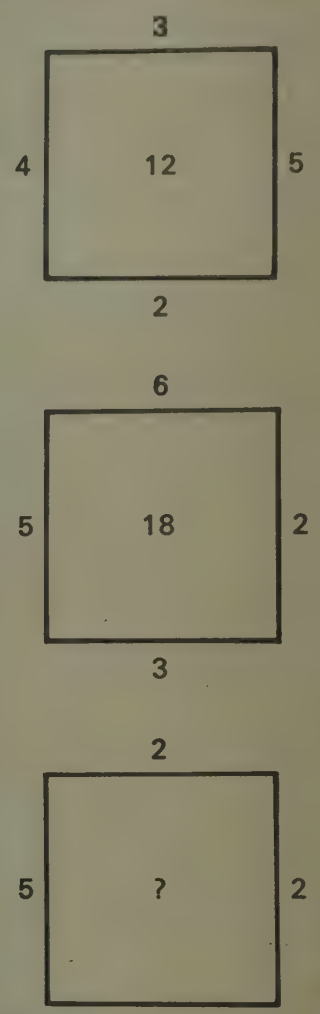

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GLIMMER OF LIGHT ON THE FP FRONT

Shivanand Karkal

It is a gross insult to the discerning Indian to keep on harping on the same old tune: that our population is growing at an alarming rate, that family planning is an absolute necessity, and that in spite of all this, hardly anything is being done by the present government to ensure that babies are born 'by choice and not chance' . . . The family planning machinery, fallen into such woeful disrepute during the Emergency, particularly in the northern states, has since ground to a paralysed halt. And those who should think about starting it up again have only committed the equivalent of throwing sand in its gears for reasons political and otherwise.

It is therefore gratifying to note that there is a glimmer of light to this gloomy picture — Bombay city, which has in the past often pioneered many a public health campaign, is to do the same with the moribund family planning campaign. The family welfare department of the Bombay Municipal Corporation is spearheading the movement to inject some life in what will ultimately prove to be a crucial campaign. The accent, of course, is now on **voluntary** acceptance of the planned family norm, and the civic health authorities launched their new scheme in a small way as far back as September 1977. It is now picking up momentum and the authorities expect to begin in right earnest some time in May-June 1978.

In an interview, Dr. D. N. Pai, the ebullient, outspoken and go-getting Director of the Family Welfare Department, whose brainchild the new programme is, explained interalia the problems health authorities face, the pre-Emergency, Emergency and post-Emergency phases of the family planning programme and the various facets of the programme launched by his department.

> That the family planning, or, to use the current euphemism, the family welfare programme must be revived is beyond question. The problem is how to go about it, given the legacy of handicaps left by the Emergency excesses. Bombay city will soon witness a movement to inject new life into the moribund FP campaign.

"The basic problem facing us now is: how do we revive the family planning programme? During the Emergency, a total of eight million sterilisations were performed in the country, of which 800,000 were in Maharashtra and about 30,000 in Bombay. One year before the Emergency, the figures were three million for the country and about 65,000 for Bombay. After the lifting of the Emergency and the rechristening of 'family planning' as 'family welfare,' the all-India figures dropped to about 800,000 (in 1977) — that is, to a tenth of the previous year's performance!

"There is only one silver lining to the black cloud hovering over us today — and that is Bombay. I'm pretty proud that after the Emergency we've done more than 30,000 sterilisations and have therefore not suffered to the same extent as the rest of the country. But the situation as a whole is very dark and sinister at the moment and all the more so because the powers-that-be do not seem to appreciate this: you almost get the feeling that the people who should be concerned aren't at all concerned, for reasons best known to themselves!

"Why has the family planning programme suffered such a tremendous setback? If, as people usually claim, the 1976 figures were the result of the 'Emergency excesses,' then the figures should have gone to pre-Emergency levels, but they have gone down even further! Could this be the 'boomerang effect' of the Emergency excesses? Then we could take solace in Bombay, because there were no excesses in Bombay. But even in Maharashtra there were no excesses . . . so that the Emergency, per se, has not contributed to the setback. It's more because of the indifference at the top, intermediate and immediate levels seeping into the programme — and this also worries me!

"At the moment, we're talking a lot about education (that is, voluntary acceptance of family planning based on education) but where are the elements of education? In the immediate situation to wait for educational processes to precipitate voluntary acceptance is suicidal! With our literacy rate, we just can't wait till all our citizens become enlightened and educated enough to accept F.P. measures. This could, at best, be our ultimate objective. Therefore, for immediate acceptance, some other means have to be charted out: 'Family Welfare' is an ocean and 'Family Planning' is just one crucial part of it. We have to make people understand the pros and cons of various methods to ensure planned families first!

"To decide what to do now we have to pick up the threads before the Emergency. In the early '70s, the FP programme was not only voluntary but was totally democratic: it had evolved as a result of a dialogue between various scientific professionals. As a result of this dialogue, a certain ideology was resolved and no one can claim that it was the resolve of any one individual. Dialogue and discussion, incentives and disincentives played a major role. In effect, we went back to Chanakya's four princi-

CONTRACEPTIVES HAVE COME A LONG WAY

Contraceptive techniques have indeed come a long way today from the first Pill and Condom. Two of the latest contraceptive measures, which have recently made the news, deserve mention in this connection. They are (1) An **anti-pregnancy vaccine** devised by Dr. G. P. Talwar and his associates of the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi. (2) **Ono 802, a drug** synthesised by a Japanese drug firm, Osaka's Ono-Pharmaceutical Company.

Dr. Talwar's vaccine was developed in 1973 and was put under clinical trials shortly after. Initially it held out great promise of being the ultimate answer to the world's exploding population. The vaccine depended on the following simple principle: soon after fertilisation, when the placenta is formed to nourish the growing embryo, it begins to secrete a chemical called Human Chorionic Gonadotrophin (HCG). HCG is crucial for the normal continuation of pregnancy and development of the foetus. Therefore if antibodies to HCG are injected in a pregnant woman, they will destroy placental HCG and abortion will occur.

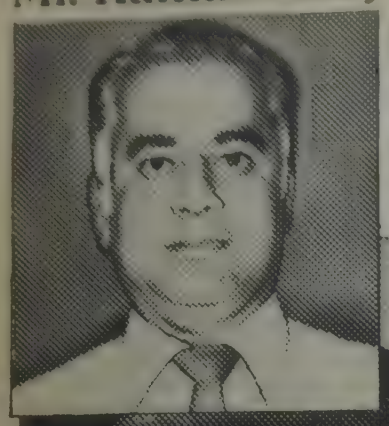
In a recent development, the drawbacks of the vaccine were revealed: it provided variable immunity (six out of 38 injected women became pregnant); it was carcinogenic (cancer-causing) in a certain strain of highly-susceptible laboratory animals and, lastly, it destroyed not only HCG but another hormone called Luteinising Hormone (LH) produced by the pituitary gland in females. Due to these findings, the ICCR (International Committee on Contraceptive Research), which was originally conducting trials in India and abroad, has stopped further trials till Dr. Talwar perfects a vaccine without such drawbacks.

Meanwhile, according to a 'Time' magazine medical report ('Magic Bullets'), a Japanese drug firm has evolved what could possibly be the perfect 'morning-after' pill. The drug concerned is a prostaglandin (so called because this class of compounds was first discovered in the secretions of the prostate gland) which causes contraction of uterine muscles, and expelling of the products of conception.

The research team that discovered the drug is led by Dr. Shigeo Takagi of Tokyo's Nihon University School of Medicine, who claimed that the drug was effective in 86 per cent of volunteer pregnant women, who had missed their periods for 12-37 days. The drug was administered in the form of bullet-shaped vaginal pessaries, each at three-hourly intervals. Bleeding and evacuation of the fertilised ovum usually occurred within 6-8 hours of administration.

The World Health Organisation has granted the firm permission for full-scope clinical trails. Its efficacy and possible side-effects need to be carefully investigated before Ono 802 can be used on a world-wide scale.

Mr. Ramaswamy was looking for a scheme that will take care of his growing daughter's multiplying financial needs.



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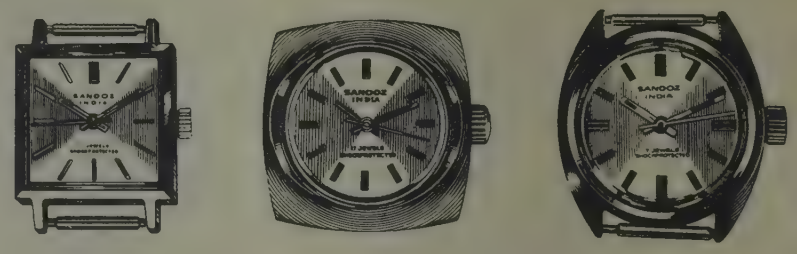

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GLIMMER OF LIGHT ON THE FP FRONT

ples moulding human behaviour — incentives, disincentives, force and motivation.

"Actually, all four are abhorrent to me because each is a form of intellectual corruption. The best method is therefore a democratic one — and if you can have laws in a country, and rules that force people to pay income tax etc., I don't see why a democratic government cannot tell a citizen that he shall not have more than three children! There should be one such democratic rule for all! After all, the individual owes society an obligation just as society owes the individual one!

"As far as the FP programme is concerned, the pendulum has now swung to the other extreme. We've been pushed back to even beyond 1951 — even beyond the beginning of the programme in this country. I do not know how in 1978 you can tackle this problem with the methods of 1951! It's all right to conjure up the age-old chimera of education and talk about making our citizens enlightened individuals — but where are the inputs? The 'achievements' of 1977 were not only due to the Emergency excesses but also due to inadequate means — "Welfare" without inputs, Health Education without education. . . My own programme in Bombay has suffered by only about 40 per cent — but I'm boiling! Whereas the government is cool — why, even in Maharashtra, it has fallen by about 85 per cent!

"The only way I can improvise is by additional inputs. A programme based on (1) **Information (2) Communication (3) Education and (4) Motivation** leading to personal and thence to community acceptance, has been launched in Bombay. This is based on (a) **person-to-person** (b) **person-to-group** and (c) **person-to-masses** levels. In September, we initiated phase (a). We created a corps of workers and assigned one electoral ward of about 10,000 families to each of them. Each worker is expected to systematically cover every family by door-to-door visits. We've stipulated that he cover at least 50 families per day. The same pattern can be extended to villages. In the beginning, I had some problems: my workers told me that the people weren't receptive, that the workers themselves were apprehensive...I took to accompanying some of my workers on their daily visits and I'm happy to state that this problem has now been considerably minimised. Actually, I need at least 300 workers and I've got just 98 — that shows you that even now the government is providing hardly a third of the input needed!

"The new programme will concentrate on (1) **selected families (2) important 'leaders' in the community (3) important institutions (4) medical practitioners and (5) important organised establishments.**" Dr. Pai hopes that a sort of chain reaction will be triggered off by the influential families 'converted' to the FP norm in each electoral ward. Important persons and institutions like tenants' organisations, mahila mandals, etc. will help to disseminate the message. General practitioners in selected localities are expected to play a pivotal role in the programme. About half of the 500-odd general practitioners in the city have been sounded out on their position vis-a-vis the programme. A training programme for them was started on April 16 at the municipal family welfare headquarters in Parel. These medical practitioners have been asked to motivate their patients, direct their patients to the nearest family welfare centres in their areas, and so on. Voluntary organisations like the Lions clubs, Rotary clubs, the Jaycees, etc. have also been recruited for the campaign.

"Various related organisations, like the Bombay branch of the FPAI (Family Planning Association of India), will be included in the programme. I'm also trying to involve the Advertising Club of Bombay. Four mobile exhibitions with exhibits provided by the state and central governments will be launched in four major sectors of Bombay. Posters, films, ads, etc. will, of course, be utilised. The real drive to forge voluntary acceptance of family planning will hopefully being in May-June 1978."

Thus, it is obvious that health officials in Bombay are trying to shake off the effects of the Emergency hangover, and begin afresh in a sector vital to our country's future. Would it to be too much to ask health authorities all over the country to do the same?

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question...

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day

It does all your dirty work to keep your toilet clean.

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CHAITRA-BLS-82

Devi

Even Rita Anchan, the dummy of Hema Malini, got fed up playing the dummy wife of Sanjeev Kumar. She got married to a quiet South Indian, to lead a contented life of agarbatis, coffee, rasam and Tirupati.

But the recent flops of Hema Malini have revived Sanjeev's hopes. Especially Hema's role in "Trishul." It is like an extra's role. That makes Hema the highest-priced "guest artiste." This "guest artiste" business is the beginning of the doom. Like Rajesh Khanna, after double roles, came down to "guest appearances," finally to clapper boy's role at the mahurats, which also is difficult since Dharam is accommodated as the clapper boy — a sort of apology for not including him.

* * *

It is funny, I wrote about Amitabh-Rekha and Jaya cribbed that I was being personal. So last week I wrote about Amitabh and jaundice and all Amitabh's men accuse me of being personal, and insist that there is no overdose of Amitabh in the city. Said I, "I challenge you to release an Amitabh starrer within two months and get an opening draw." To which they said, "Astrologically, two months are not good, especially the co-influence of Mars and Saturn."

* * *

RAJESH & CHUNNIBHAI: a telephonic war

Rajesh Khanna had a telephonic war with Chunnibhai Kapadia. They both threatened to bash each other up. After which Rajesh left for Simla for the outdoor shooting of "Kudrat." He still carried the hangover of the telephone battle and picked up a quarrel with the hotel waiters, who retaliated with forks and knives. Rajesh tried to face them with two shiny new spoons (chamchas), make-up man Rajaram and his room boy. Finally he fled to his room. Dimple hurriedly woke up sister Reem, daughter Twinkle, packed up the baggage and the Khannas left the hotel in the darkness before dawn, watched by an army of waiters armed with forks and knives.

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Let your hair experience the exciting richness of Lure Shampoos. Beauty. Shikakai. Egg. And Lime. Each created to enhance the distinctiveness of your hair. With its own special fragrance that stays to the last drop. And the right acid-alkaline balance to match your unique hair condition.

So shampoo with Lure today.
Soon people will be telling you what beautiful, fragrant hair you have.

Lure SHAMPOOS

The gentle fragrance lingers in your hair.

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(English and Hindi Editions)

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This is an excellent TREATISE on YOGA, providing lucidly written information on such subjects as 'Pranayama' (Breath Control), Abstraction, Concentration, Meditation and various stages of 'Samadhi' (Super-Conscious state) with clear illustrations.

This book, based on the personal experience of the author, shows how one can awaken the 'Kundalini Power' within oneself.

Write or contact :

SHRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM

Near Dadar (Central Railway Station), Vincent Square Street

youth page

FAMILY PLANNING: A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

Susmita Singhi

The other day some teenagers said, "Ha! Family planning is a big farce!" But are they trying to do anything about it? If there is one problem that challenges humanity out of its wits, it is the stupendous rise in population in Asia and particularly in India.

The population in our country has been increasing at the rate of about one million every month. It has increased by nearly 270 million since 1947, and today it is estimated to be 615 million. If the present growth rate continues it will touch the one billion mark by the end of the century. This will have a decisive bearing on the economic, educational and social objectives set forth in the five year plans. The promise of progress and plenty, consequent to these achievements, will threaten to reverse itself unless man can evolve a method of population control.

Remember, Thomas Malthus had predicted a century and a half ago that population would tend to outrun the means of subsistence and that the masses would be doomed to increasing misery? Possibilities of such a crisis occurring are not remote, if it is not averted.

One way to combat this crisis is to promote family planning. But the family planning programme should not be related only with the current population. The whole programme should be on a continuous basis, so that each batch of new entrants into the fertile age group gets exposed to the idea of FP. It is here that "population education" becomes relevant as an instrument that will prompt the young to adopt family planning as a way of life, thereby contributing towards the future prosperity of the nation.

Mrs. Avabai B. Wadia, president of the Family Planning Association of India (FPAI) said, those who are already parents are generally set in their attitudes and patterns of behaviour and it is difficult for them to give up their preconceptions in favour of a new social and family norm. "A more effective way of establishing new traditions and norms is to introduce such concepts among the younger age groups, to attune them to the new needs and challenges facing them. It is essential for them to be aware of possible solutions."

With the integration of "population education" with the existing curriculum at all levels of formal and non-formal education, the urban youth can disseminate this knowledge to their rural counterparts

Mr. B. M. Singhi, chairman of the Calcutta project, FPAI, said, "The family planning movement was taken up in 1951, and, for the last 27 years, we have taken steps to educate and motivate only those who have already become fathers and mothers. Now is the time to involve the youth who are on the threshold of marriage — prospective parents."

Realisation has dawned and the programmes are now beginning to be so directed as to involve the young. The All-India Youth Conference on Family Planning, held in Madras last December, witnessed the genuine participation of a large number of youth.

For generations in our country, sex has remained a taboo subject but modern thinking is gradually bringing about a slow but perceptible change in attitudes. Few schools have sex education on their curriculum. The new phrase coined for motivation and education — "popular education" — incorporates sex education.

Population education cannot be treated in isolation. It must go hand in hand with its interaction with development, the environment and other fundamental aspects of life. Like all social problems, the approach has to be inter-disciplinary and multi-dimensional.

And the problem of population is not an isolated phenomenon, but a part of the total development, hence it cannot be solved by family planning alone. If we are to utilise our intelligence in our present population dilemma, we must make our educational systems relevant. For this, it is best to start motivation at the school level itself, and then continue population education for college-going adolescents and even adults.

With the integration of population education with the existing curriculum at all levels of formal, non formal and adult education youth could play a part in disseminating this knowledge to their rural counterparts, to those who have not had the benefit of formal education or to school/college drop outs.

Schools and colleges should encourage students to form "Pop Ed Clubs." FPAI has sponsored and funded a Population Studies Centre at Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati, since 1973, and "pop ed clubs" have been formed at Kurukshetra and Rohtak universities. The young should participate in other voluntary youth organisations like the NSS and Primary Health Centres to create and establish a rapport with those living in rural areas, remove superstitions and eradicate misconceptions. Proper channelisation of knowledge through mass media should create a deeper understanding of the problem. Universities should encourage students and faculties to undertake community development programmes which include population education in urban and rural areas.

As important, is giving every woman in society an equal status with man. So that even though the average Indian woman may not be educated or employed she should have an equal say in her domestic life, particularly in the spacing and number of children she must bear.

It is up to the young to take the initiative and implement the legislation introduced by the government raising the marriage age from 15 to 18 years for girls and from 18 to 21 for boys. This is one of the intrinsic remedies. Volunteerism on the part of the youth would help.

people and events

Mrs. Rajam Shankar (ext. right) talks to visitors Smita Gosalia, Kalpana Gosalia and Indrani Sen at her exhibition of dolls in Indian costumes, held in Bombay.

ABOVE: To celebrate the birthday of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Mr. B. E. Meijer, vice consul-in-charge of the Netherlands Consulate General in Bombay, held a reception; at which the guests included (from right) Mr. W. F. Courtney, Consul General, USA, Mrs. Manchanda and Mrs. Courtney. Mr. B. E. Meijer and Mrs. Meijer are seen at left.

RIGHT: Mrs. Anita Desai (ext. right) proprietress of Delhi's Sophistication boutique, seen with visitors at her exhibition of Sophistication outfits held in Bombay recently.

At the dance festival organised in Delhi by the Centre of Indian Classical Dances (CICD) to mark its first anniversary, famous dancer Sonal Mansingh, president, CICD, escorts Minister for Tourism & Civil Aviation Mr. Purshottam Kaushik and Prime Minister Morarji Desai to the venue of the festival.

Seen at the beauty contest organised by Eve's Weekly in Bombay, to select two representatives for the Miss International and the Miss Young International Beauty Pageants to be held in Tokyo, are from left, Mr. J. C. Jain, Managing Director, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Anita Reddy, runner-up, Mr. Ahmed Ibrahim, Managing Director, Everest Advertising, Poonam Dhillon, Mr. J. K. Somani, Chairman, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Sabita Dhanrajgir, Mr. Virenchy Sagar, Managing Director, Nirlon, and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

BELOW: At the Merchant Navy Ball held in Calcutta in aid of the Seamen's Welfare Association, are, seen from left, Mrs. S. Pal, (first runner-up), Mrs. C. Chatterjee, Merchant Navy Queen, Mrs. Krishnalata Prasad and Miss Beale (second runner-up).

BELOW: Mrs. Sarita Chowdhury (centre) points out the details of a carved antique bar at "Antiquana", her exhibition of antique furniture held at the Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay, to Mrs. and Dr. S. Chatterjee, Marketing Director, BASF India Ltd. Mrs. Nandita Sabherwal, (2nd from right) who was assisting Mrs. Chowdhury looks on.

bombay

Eve's Weekly held a beauty contest to select two girls to represent India at the Miss International and Miss Young International Beauty Pageants at Tokyo this year. Poonam Dhillon of Chandigarh was selected for the Miss Young International contest and Sabita Dhanrajgir for the Miss International contest.

The panel of judges for the contest held at the Hotel Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay, comprised Mr. Virenchy Sagar, Managing Director of Nirlon Synthetic Fibres and Chemicals Ltd., Mr. Ahmed Ibrahim, Managing Director, Everest Advertising Pvt. Ltd., Mr. Esmond Wickremesinghe from Sri Lanka, Mr. J. K. Somani, Chairman, Eve's Weekly Ltd. and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

* * *

Prof. Walter Langhammer, a well-known art personality of Bombay, who stayed here in the late '30s and '40s, passed away in London recently.

To honour the memory of this great artist and humanitarian, the Indo-German Cultural Society has set up the Prof. Walter Langhammer Memorial Award, which will enable promising and deserving artists to exhibit their work at the new gallery of the Society, free of charge.

The selection will be made by a panel of distinguished personalities of the art world, comprising Mr. K. K. Hebbar, Mr. R. Sansgiri, Mr. K. H. Ara, Mr. Jhangiani, Mr. Gandhy, Mr. K. H. Kadam, Mr. Satwalekar, dean of J. J. School of Arts, and Prof. Baburao Sadwelkar, Director of Art, Maharashtra Govt. The panel will select those artists who portray the mood of contemporary issues.

The first award has been given to Milon Mukherjee.

In his exhibition entitled "Children Without Childhood" I and II, Milon Mukherjee portrayed those underprivileged Indian children who, deprived of the carefree joys and innocence which every child has a right to experience, are forced to take on adult responsibilities in order to survive.

The painting which gave the exhibition its title showed the misery of such children. The proceeds of this painting's sale were given to the Children's Aid Society. Among the 16 paintings on view, Alphabet Peddler and Milk Bottles and the Moon showed little bodies already burdened by the very things they should be enjoying, while Take Me Back To My Mother's Womb was striking for its violence and despair.

* * *

The Maharashtra State Women's Council, after its recent Conference on "Our Deteriorating City" has taken up as one of its issues the location of the proposed fertiliser plant.

Rewas, the site originally proposed, was dropped after public protest. The site now chosen is Usar.

The Council feels strongly that the choice of location should be Ratnagiri district, which is an underdeveloped part of the State, the inhabitants of which are forced to come to Bombay in search of employment. All the sites so far mooted — Rewas, Usar, Chaneri — are merely short term solutions which will later result in much greater financial and social loss. One has only to look at what is happening with the Zuari Agro Chemical plant and the complex in Agra which is damaging the Taj Mahal.

* * *

The Eve's Creative Centre will launch its first exhibition at Hotel Pali Hill, 10, Union Park, Bandra, on June 9. The exhibition will last till June 11. The exhibition is proposed to be a monthly affair, aimed at providing an outlet for those women who are in need of sites to exhibit their artistic creations. The items on display are readymade garments, gift articles and hand-embroidered linen.

Those interested in using this outlet may contact the organisers: Mrs. Dixit, Charlotte Ghosh and Poonam Sarin at the exhibition or at Phone No. 532860.

* * *

Mrs. Rajam Shankar held an exhibition of dolls made by her. Over 70 dolls wearing a variety of Indian costumes — bridal, folk and regional costumes — were on display. Some of the dolls represented mythological figures, while some others were in different classical dance postures.

Mrs. Vimla Patil, Editor, Femina, inaugurated the show.

* * *

delhi

The Centre for Indian Classical Dances, New Delhi, celebrated its first anniversary on May 5, 1978. A dance festival based on the Krishna legend was presented at Ashoka Hotel to mark the occasion. Renowned artistes participated in it, like Sonal Mansingh, Sanjukta Panigrahi, Raja & Radha Reddi and Uma Sharma's Kathakali group.

Another interesting feature of the celebrations was a seminar at which leading scholars like Dr. Shriramamurti and Dr. Kapila Vatsayan spoke.

Prime Minister Morarji Desai and Tourism & Civil Aviation Minister Purshottam Kaushik witnessed the festival.

calcutta

The residents of Navanir, the newly opened home for aged women, celebrated Rabindranath Tagore's birthday on May 8, with a cultural show. Mr. Rusi B. Gimi, Chairman, Management Committee of Navanir, welcomed Mrs. Nirupama Chatterjee, Minister for Social Welfare, West Bengal.

kerala

At its annual day celebrations in Trivandrum, the Kannada Association presented a lively programme. A tableau and narration of the glory of Kannada literature and the contributions of early poets like Pamba, Rama and Sarvagna and philosopher saints like Basaveswara and Purandaradasa were presented through music. The programme also provided a glimpse of modern Kannada literature exemplified by the work of outstanding writers. Mr. G. Rao, Deputy General Manager, Canara Bank, Trivandrum, presided.

* * *

An appreciative audience watched spellbound the dance and music performance of a 40-member cultural troupe from Uttar Pradesh, visiting Trivandrum. The fast tempo and rhythm of Kathak along with the folk dances, were appreciated greatly.

* * *

Over 400 Rotaractors and Rotarian delegates from different parts of South Tamil Nadu and South Kerala, attended the seventh Rotaract district conference at Nagercoil recently. Mrs. Jothi Venkatachalam, Kerala's Governor, inaugurated the conference. She congratulated the Rotaractors, mainly college students, for their good record of social service.

world of eve

SHARON LOWEN

Sharon Lowen has been hailed by dance critics in glowing terms. In India since 1973 on a Fulbright Scholarship to study the Manipuri, Odissi, Chhau and Maibi styles of dance under leading exponents, Sharon did her M.A. in dance at the University of Michigan, USA, where she also taught the subject. Sharon has also been teaching modern Western dance at the American School, New Delhi.

Sharon is Indian looking, even in height and complexion. Her grasp of Indian dance is so instinctive that she has presented a new item called "Malang Khongchut," an abstract interpretation of space in pure techniques of Manipuri. Sharon would have found the Chhau style very difficult were it not for her training in modern Western ballet which allows the same freedom of movement. "Of course, the attraction Manipuri has for me cannot be expressed."

With many solo performances to her credit in her own country and India, Sharon has already distinguished herself in the field of dance.

SHASHI BANDHU

Homesickness made Shashi Bandhu, in New York to do a course in computer Programming & Systems Analysis, grow involved in collecting the best of Indian recordings. And in 1970 she ventured out to share her musical interest and collection with other Asians in New York, through her first commercial programme "Sounds of India" which became a hit.

Encouraged by her husband's similar interest, Shashi has presented special programmes on just about all aspects of film music and semi-classical music. Shashi has also presented special programmes on almost all the major singers and music directors.

Shashi visits India every year and hunts around for old and new musical treasures.

Shashi works with the Govt. of India's Tourist Office. She has started designing women's clothing for the U.S. market, utilizing Indian fabrics and motifs.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Above all, a lively year. You will start something new and make a success of it; your charm and beguiling manner will bring a super opportunity your way. Minor troubles at the turn of the year disappear during January; the social scene will be rewarding — and also help your more practical ambitions. A personal achievement is shown in the near future, a new way of life. Travel will be lucky to you, so fix your sights on distant horizons. Cash trends are very promising — but watch an extravagant and impulsive mood November/December. Romance? All around you — most of the time.

John Naylor

For the week June 11-17

ARIES (March 22 — Apr. 20)

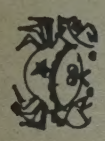
If you are looking for romance you'll certainly find it! Ardent stars are affecting you for some weeks; the social scene will be busy, one thing leading to another. There may be an unexpected stroke of luck and it's a good time for finding bargains in clothes.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

Meetings this week could lead to something great, so get around — and try fresh scenes, cultivate a wider outlook. You have a carefree few weeks ahead of you, but also a helpful one for any practical matters on your mind. Saturday brings a happy surprise.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Mercury, planet of travel, movement and change, is in your sign, so you can expect a busy week with new people entering your scene, perhaps some news you have been waiting for. Chat up folk, wherever you happen to be; communicate, generally. Mid-week, romance is in the air.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Make the most of this week's tranquil atmosphere — life gets pacy, although lucky, after the 18th. Don't be nervous about changes made recently; your stars spell success for all you do! Emotionally, many delightful temptations for the rest of 1978! This week particularly favours home life.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Your scene should have been quite exciting, if a bit strenuous, lately, but you can relax now and let things drift until late July. Zippy stars will then affect you again, giving everything a boost for you. It is romance and social life that take your attention over the next few weeks — happily!

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Come out of your shell and try something new and adventurous — push your luck and get where the action is. You should be feeling great, enthusiastic and vital and you will certainly be looking good with your man-appeal high! Super chances in all directions now!

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

If you are uncertain about a personal link, don't be impulsive — you could regret it. Pad along gently for a time. In more practical matters, a secret hope or wish will succeed and you will get help from an unexpected quarter. Just be patient. Cultivate new friendships; start to 'think big'!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov 22)

Life has been changeable recently but the present week will be carefree and you can mostly please yourself in what you do. Amusing distractions will tempt you from little duty jobs; a new romance could begin and completely absorb you. Great times are on the way!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

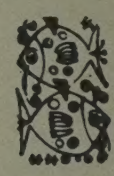
People may be giving you the brickbats, rather than the compliments, at present, but irritations should fade as this week ends. Don't be quite so eager to please. Keep your sense of fun — and independence. A luckier trend begins soon and a new love is on the way, if unattached.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Your love life needs tact and a lot of effort, temporarily. Little tiffs and arguments will arise and just how serious these become depends on you! Give out, for atmosphere improves next week. You will over-spend too — and buy the wrong things unless you are very careful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Your fortunes this week depend quite a lot on the actions and decisions of companions, could also have a far-reaching effect on your future plans. Do your best to fit in, however. Happy stars for love and the fun scene — but don't take anyone too much for granted.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

You won't be bored over the next few weeks! Make up your mind now that life is going to be a bit hard to handle — people too. To complicate things, you may be torn two ways in your love life. Should this happen, avoid definite decisions until mid-August if you can.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JUNE 17, 1978

FIGHTING FOR FISHING RIGHTS

The fisherwomen of Goa are in the forefront of the struggle against the big trawlers that, according to them, threaten their only means of livelihood.

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES

STD ranks as Public Enemy No. 3, Nos. 1 and 2 being Malaria and Tuberculosis. The problem is nothing short of alarming.

COSMETIC SURGERY

Advances in the field of plastic surgery and, more specifically, cosmetic surgery, make it now possible for a person with a pronounced physical blemish to have it set right safely. A doctor's guide.

Mills & Boon
PAPERBACKS THAT PLEASE

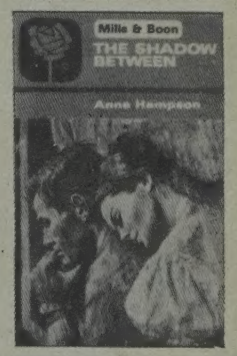
ROMANCES

10 NEW TITLES EVERY MONTH

NEW

...o Forget Margaret Pargeter
...ared Haven Helen Bianchin
... Whangatapu Robyn Donald
...of Winter Rebecca Stratton
...ful of Stardust Yvonne Whittal

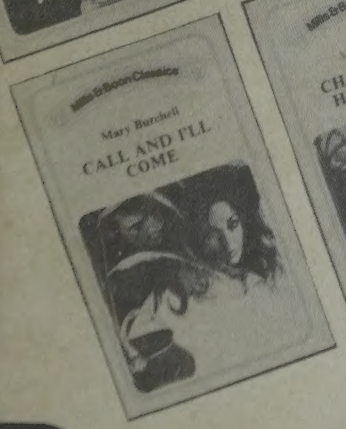
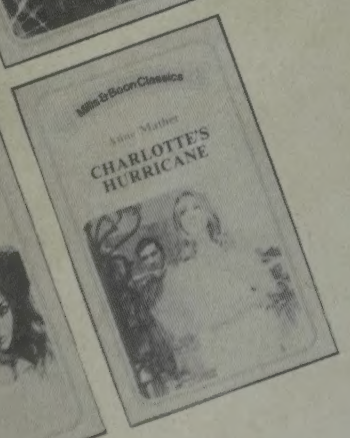
The Little Dragon Betty Neels
The Loved and the Feared Violet Winspear
The Matchmakers Janet Dailey
A Place of Storms Sara Craven
The Shadow Between Anne Hampson



CLASSICS

...TO REMEMBER

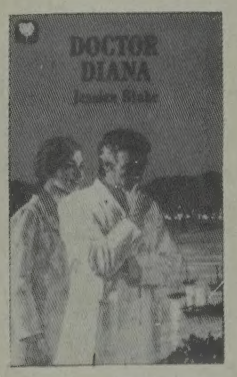
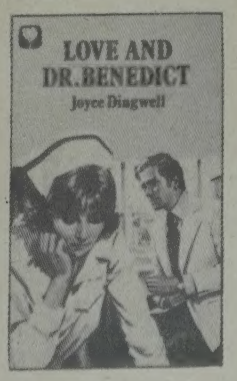
Bird of Paradis
Margaret Rome
Bitter Masquerade
Margery Hilton

Call and I'll Come
Mary Burchell
Charlotte's Hurricane
Anne Mather

DOCTOR-NURSE

HOSPITAL ROMANCES

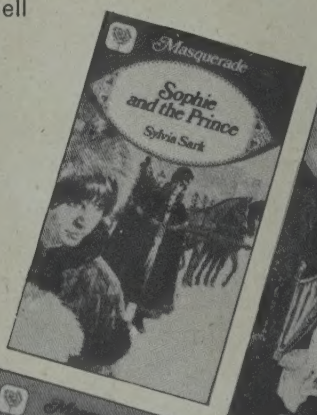
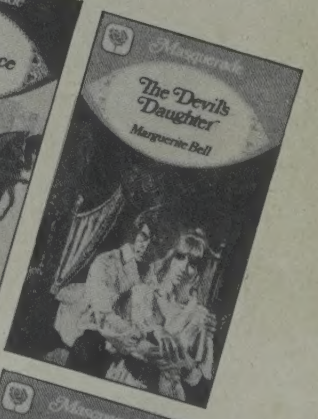
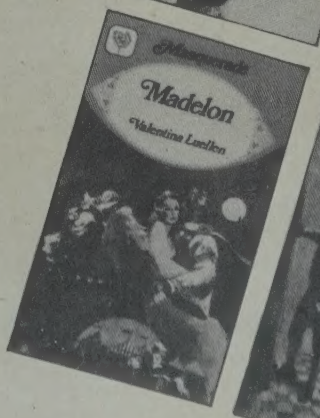
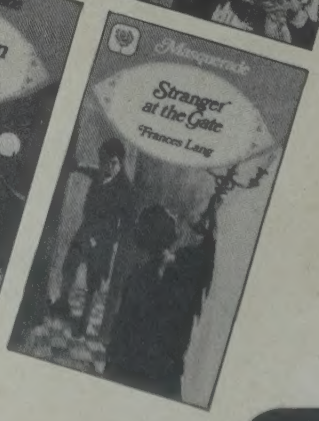



Doctor Diana
Jessica Blake
Love and Doctor Benedict
Joyce Dingwell

MASQUERADE

HISTORICAL ROMANCES (New Titles for Summer)

Sophie and the Prince
Sylvia Sark
The Devil's Daughter
Marguerite Bell

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